

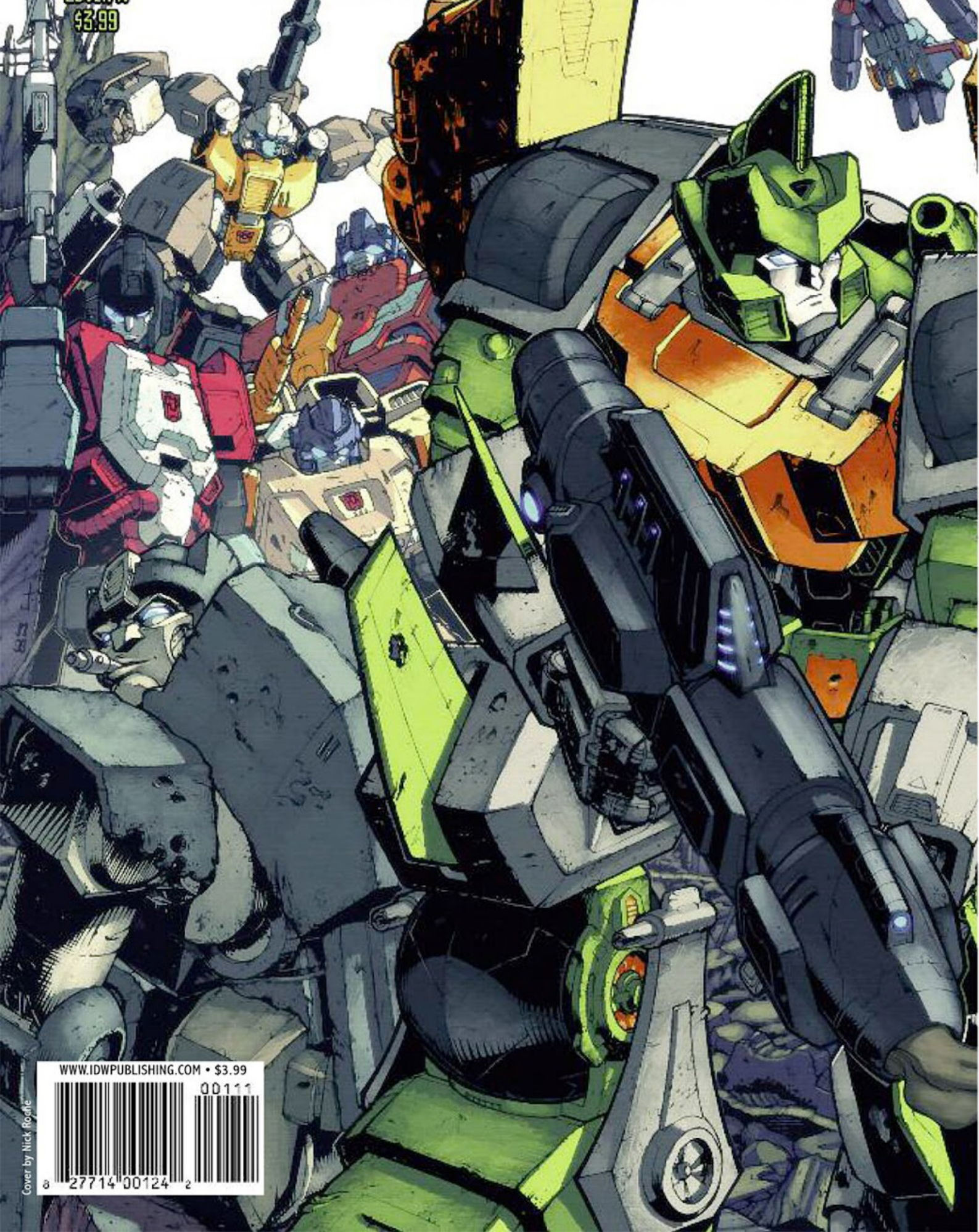


Issue #1  
COVER A  
\$3.99

# THE TRANSFORMERS

LAST STAND OF THE

# WRECKERS



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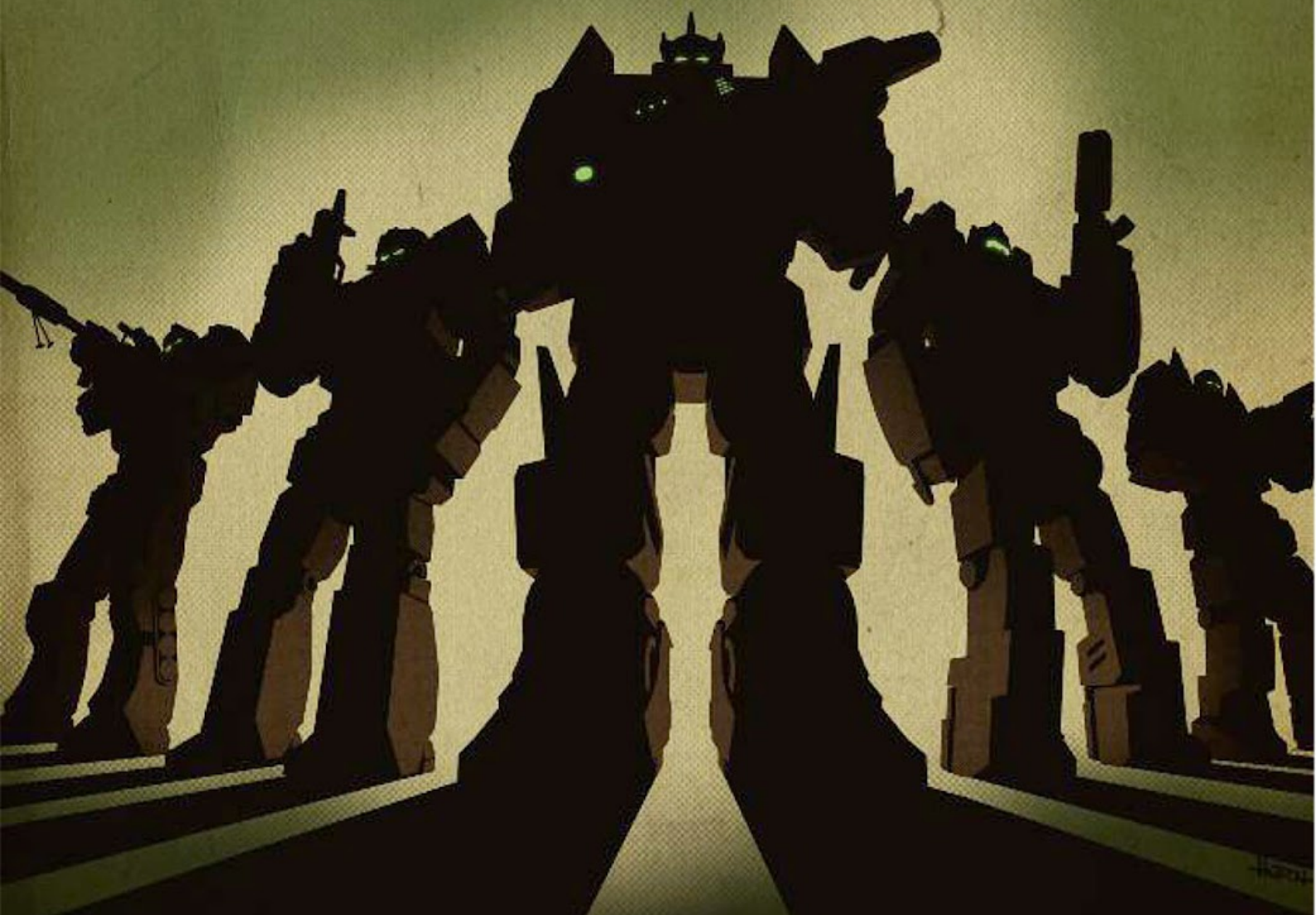


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# THE TRANS FORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

1



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# THE TRANSFORMERS

LAST STAND OF THE

# WRECKERS



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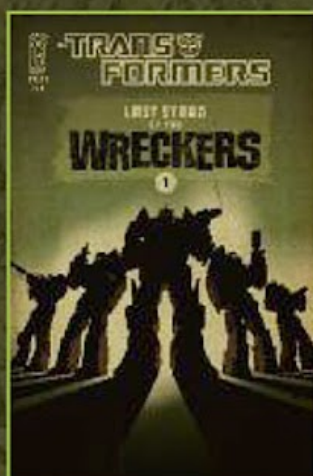
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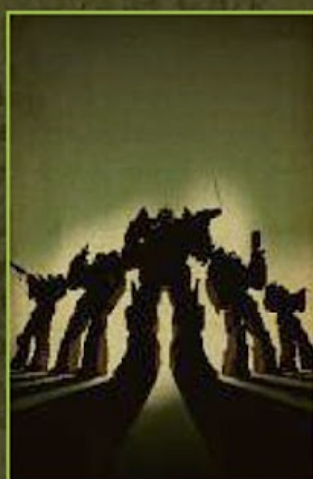




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NICK ROCHE  
colors by Josh Burcham



COVER B  
TREVOR HUTCHISON



COVER RI  
TREVOR HUTCHISON

# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

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before TRANSFORMERS #1

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**GARRUS-9 PENITENTIARY: THREE YEARS AGO.**

"I SMELL AN INSIDE JOB,  
FORTRESS MAXIMUS..."

...REPORTS  
SAY THAT **EVERY**  
AUTOBOT OUTPOST  
ACROSS THE GALAXY  
IS FALLING TO THE  
DECEPTICONS.

WELL, THIS IS  
G-9, KICK-OFF.  
AND I'M THE ONLY  
'BOT WITH THE  
SECURITY CODES  
TO THIS JOINT.

WHICH IS GOOD,  
'CAUSE WE'VE GOT AN  
AFT-LOAD OF BAD GUYS  
HERE WHO'D LOVE A COZY  
LITTLE JAILBREAK  
TONIGHT.

OKAY—  
MOBILIZE THE  
CRISIS RESPONSE  
TEAM. AGAIN.

I WANT THIS PLACE  
INTACT FOR WHEN WE  
FIND WHOEVER SOLD  
US OUT, AND HAUL  
THEM HERE, KICKING  
AND SCREAMING.

DECEPTICON  
VICTORY LIES  
WITHIN OUR  
GRASP!

SLIT THIS  
PRISON'S BELLY  
OPEN, AND WE WILL  
BE REWARDED BY  
MEGATRON!

WOW.  
SUCH  
AMBITION.









I'M ASSUMING COMMAND FROM *THIS* POINT ONWARD. *UNLIKE* MEGATRON, I'VE GOT *ACTUAL* PLANS FOR THIS PLACE.

YOU CAN'T *DO* THIS, OVERLORD. THIS RAID IS A *CORNERSTONE* OF MEGATRON'S GRAND PURGE.

*HISTORY* WILL BE MADE *HERE*.



WE AGREE ON *THAT* MUCH.

COME ON, SKYQUAKE. DON'T DELAY THE INEVITABLE. LET ME HELP YOU BE *MAGNIFICENT*. JUST ONCE.

LOOK, I'M IN COMMAND HERE, GOT IT?

THE *LAST* THING WE NEED IS YOU CO-OPTING MY TEAM FOR ONE OF YOUR LEGENDARY *WHIMSICAL* DISPLAYS.



WE RESUME THE ASSAULT AS PER MEGATRON'S ORDERS.

OH, SKYQUAKE.

I *DID* TRY...



...WHY COULDN'T YOU?



WITH *ME*, DECEPTICONS! *THIS* IS HOW IT'S DONE!













LOOK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE!



**IGUE-MOOR FUEL DEPOT:  
EIGHT MONTHS AGO.**

OUR APOLOGIES, ER...  
**DIPSTICK**, RIGHT? WE  
WERE JUST PUTTING IN  
THE TIME BEFORE  
OUR **PICK-UP**.

**IRONFIST**  
HERE WAS KEEN TO  
TEST-DRIVE HIS NEW  
**LIGHTFORMER  
CANNON**.

I GOTTA  
SAY... I'M  
LIKING THE  
RESULTS...

WELL, YOUR  
**TARGET PRACTICE**  
HAS SET OUR  
**RECONSTRUCTION**  
**PROJECT** BACK BY  
MONTHS, YOU  
**TRIGGER-GIDDY**  
**MORONS!**



HEY—WE'RE  
JUST DOIN' WHAT  
**WRECKERS** DO,  
GUY!

WE'RE NOT  
QUITE **WRECKERS**  
YET, **GUZZLE**...

LOOK, WE  
JUMPED... **ALL** THE  
GUNS, I GUESS. WE'RE  
**REALLY** SORRY.  
WE'LL PACK UP  
AND—



**B-KOON**

**BWMPH**

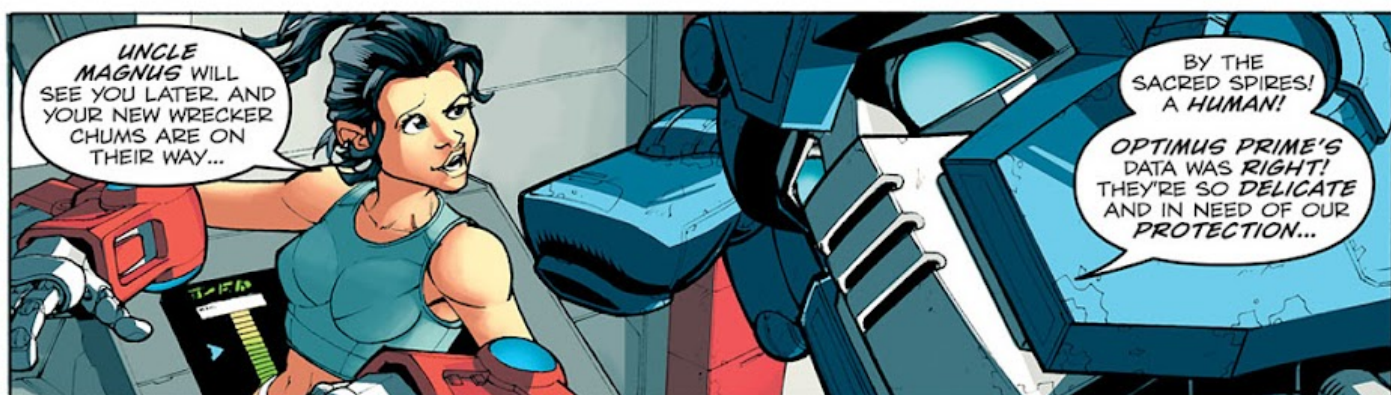
**BWMP-OON**

DAMMIT—  
**ROTORSTORM!**













...NOT YET.  
FOR THOSE  
OF YOU WHO *DON'T*  
KNOW, THIS HERE ON  
MY RIGHT'S TWIN  
TWIST AND  
KUP.

ON MY LEFT ARE  
PERCEPTOR AND  
TOPSPIN.

MY NAME'S  
SPRINGER.

I'M IN  
CHARGE.



DUDE—  
THAT'S KUP!

I SEE  
HIM...

PFF. HE  
CHANGES HIS OIL  
LIKE EVERYONE  
ELSE.

NOT AS OFTEN  
AS HE *SHOULD*  
THOUGH...



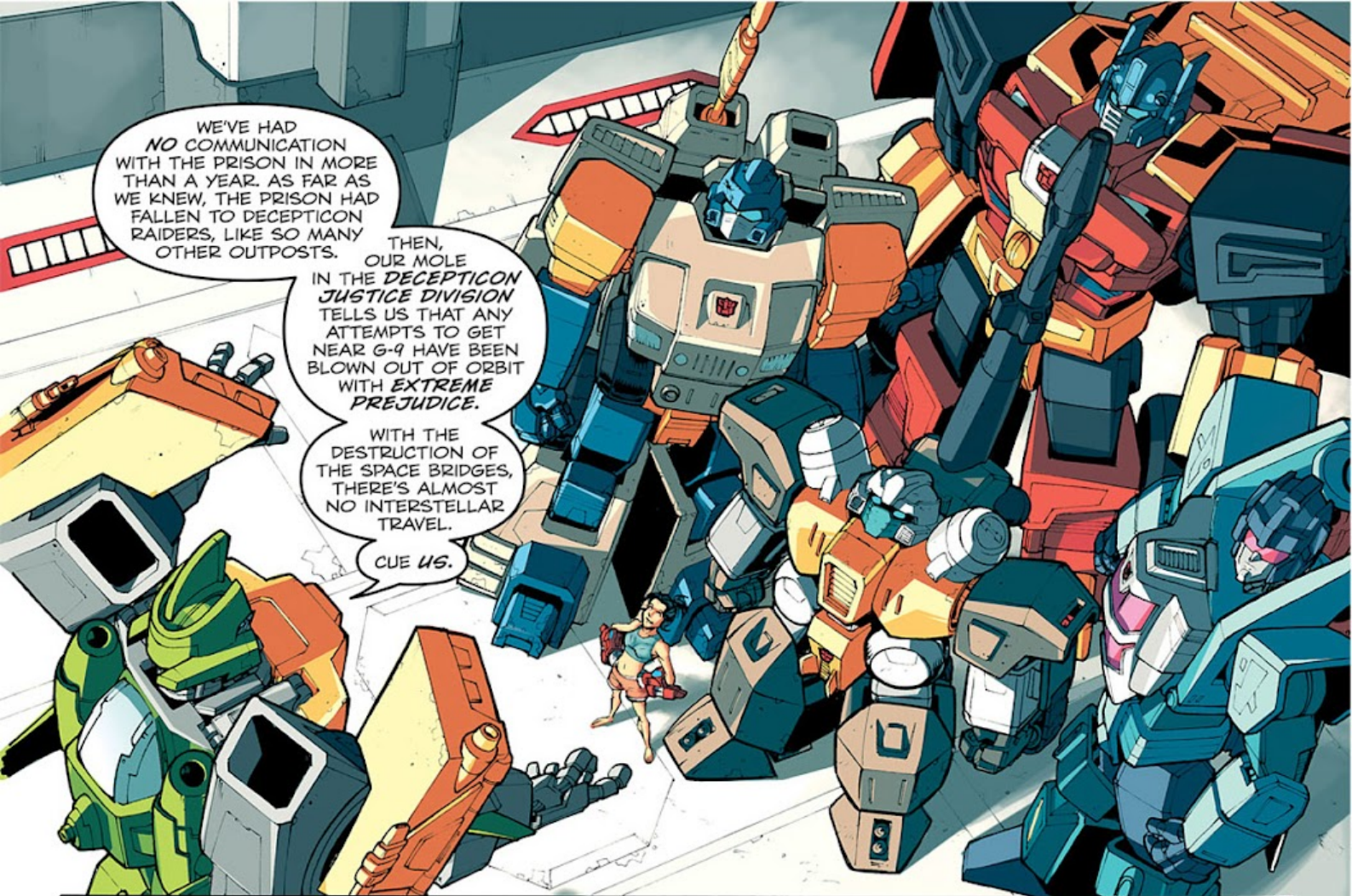
YOU,  
ME, AND AN  
AIRLOCK,  
KID...

ALL RIGHT,  
LISTEN UP.

YOU GUYS KNOW  
BETTER THAN *ANYONE*  
THE MESS THE AUTOBOTS  
ARE CURRENTLY IN. BUT  
THE CLEANUP BEGINS  
*NOW.*

WITH  
GARRUS-9.





WE'VE HAD NO COMMUNICATION WITH THE PRISON IN MORE THAN A YEAR. AS FAR AS WE KNEW, THE PRISON HAD FALLEN TO DECEPTICON RAIDERS, LIKE SO MANY OTHER OUTPOSTS.

THEN, OUR MOLE IN THE DECEPTICON JUSTICE DIVISION TELLS US THAT ANY ATTEMPTS TO GET NEAR G-9 HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT OF ORBIT WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.

WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPACE BRIDGES, THERE'S ALMOST NO INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL.

CUE US.

LOOK—WE AUTOBOTS HAVEN'T HAD IT EASY THESE LAST FEW YEARS.

WE'VE BEEN **BETRAYED** BY ONE OF OUR OWN AND DAMN NEAR **ERASED** FROM EXISTENCE.

**YOU'RE** HERE NOW BECAUSE YOU'VE **PROVEN** YOURSELF ALREADY. EACH ONE OF YOU HAS FOUGHT HARD ON THE FRONTLINE...

...PREVENTED PLANETS FROM FALLING TO **MEGATRON**...

...SAVED THE LIVES OF YOUR COMRADES AND OF THOSE WE SEEK TO **PROTECT**...

YOU'RE FOLLOWING IN SOME **MASSIVE** FOOTSTEPS, AUTOBOTS...

BUT YOU'VE EARNED YOUR SHOT AT BEING A **WRECKER**.

WELCOME TO THE TEAM.

JUST BE PREPARED: SOMETIMES IN THE **WRECKERS**, YOUR **FIRST** DAY IS YOUR **LAST**.



GARRUS-9: TWO YEARS AGO.



"HUNTING PARTY," MY AIRBRAKE. THERE'S NO SPORT TO THIS.

I KNOW. AND WE'RE DOING ALL THE TRACKING. INSTEAD OF WATCHING IT ALL, WHY DOESN'T HE GET STUCK IN?



AND WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?

GAH!



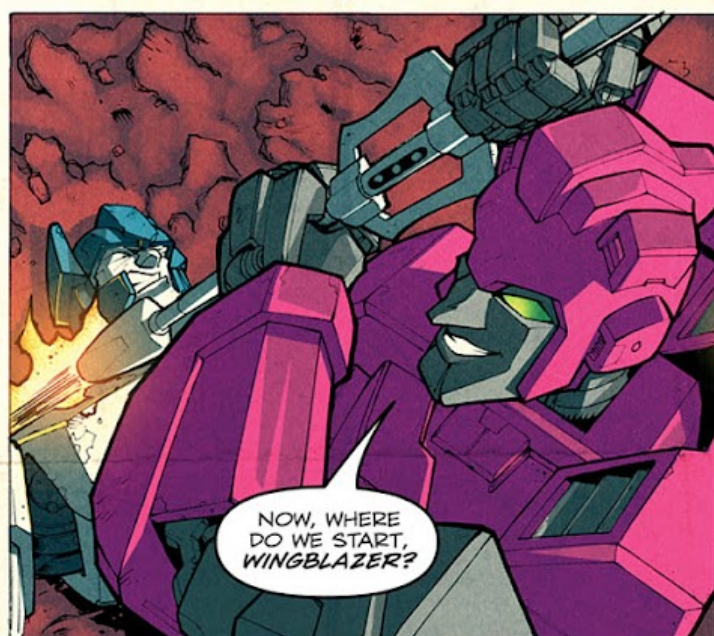
IF I PARTAKE IN THE HUNT, THE OUTCOME WILL BE THE SAME. EVERY TIME.

CHAOS, UNCERTAINTY... THESE THINGS SHOULD BE FUEL TO US, BOYS! EMBRACE THEM!

GAAUUGGHH!

HURRY, HURRY! THE GAME IS NEAR AN END!









PHEW!  
THANK YOU,  
OVERLO—



-LAARGH!

HERE  
ENDS THE  
LESSON...

HUGGHKK!



...ANY  
DECEPTICONS  
THAT CARELESS  
ARE WASTING  
THEIR LIVES.

AND MORE  
VALUABLY...  
MY TIME.

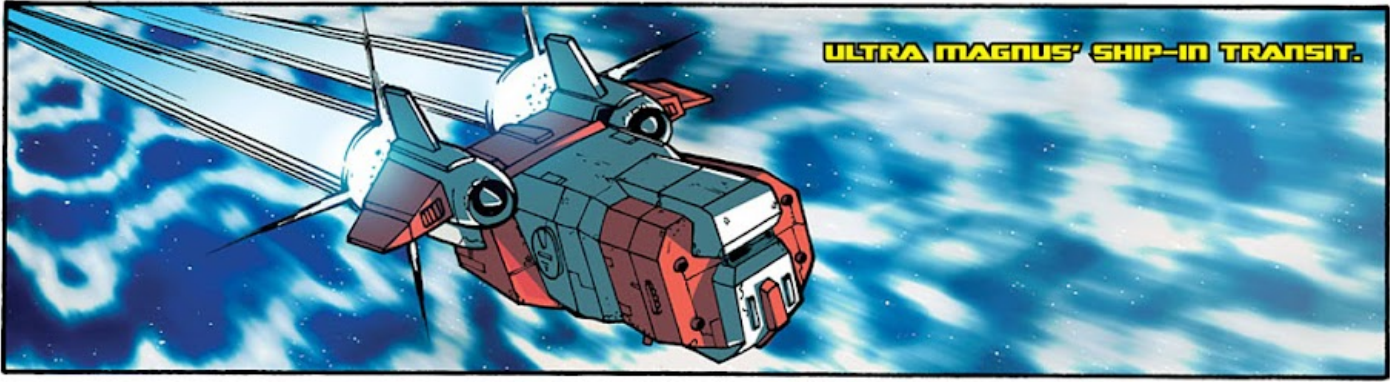


LET US RETIRE TO  
BASE, MY PREDATORS.  
BRING THE AUTOBOT,  
SNARE. WE CAN RECYCLE  
HIM FOR MORE  
ENTERTAINMENT.

LEAVE THE  
OTHER TWO AS  
THE WASTE  
THEY ARE.







ULTRA MAGNUS' SHIP-IN TRANSIT.



IRONFIST?

IRONFIST!



IRONFIST!

SHOULD WE CALL SOMEONE...?

WAIT, HE'S COMING ROUND...

SYSTEM REBOOTED...



GET PERCEPTOR. MAYBE HE CAN...

WHAT... DID I...?

HEY, MAN. BLACKED OUT THERE FOR A MINUTE.

YOU OKAY? THIS HAPPEN TO YOU BEFORE?

WELL, I...

I THINK WE SHOULD—



I'M FINE!













I DUNNO, KUP. SOMETIMES IT SEEMS POINTLESS BUILDING THESE TEAMS, JUST TO SEE 'EM RIPPED APART.

IT'S ONE THING SEEING YOUR BUDDIES FALL BY THE WAYSIDE OVER TIME, BUT LOSING 'BOTS UNDER *YOUR* COMMAND...



DON'T HAVETA TELL *ME*, KID. HURTS HARDER WHEN THEY FALL FOLLOWIN' ORDERS *YOU* GAVE 'EM.

HE'S WEIGHIN' HEAVY ON YA, AIN'T HE?

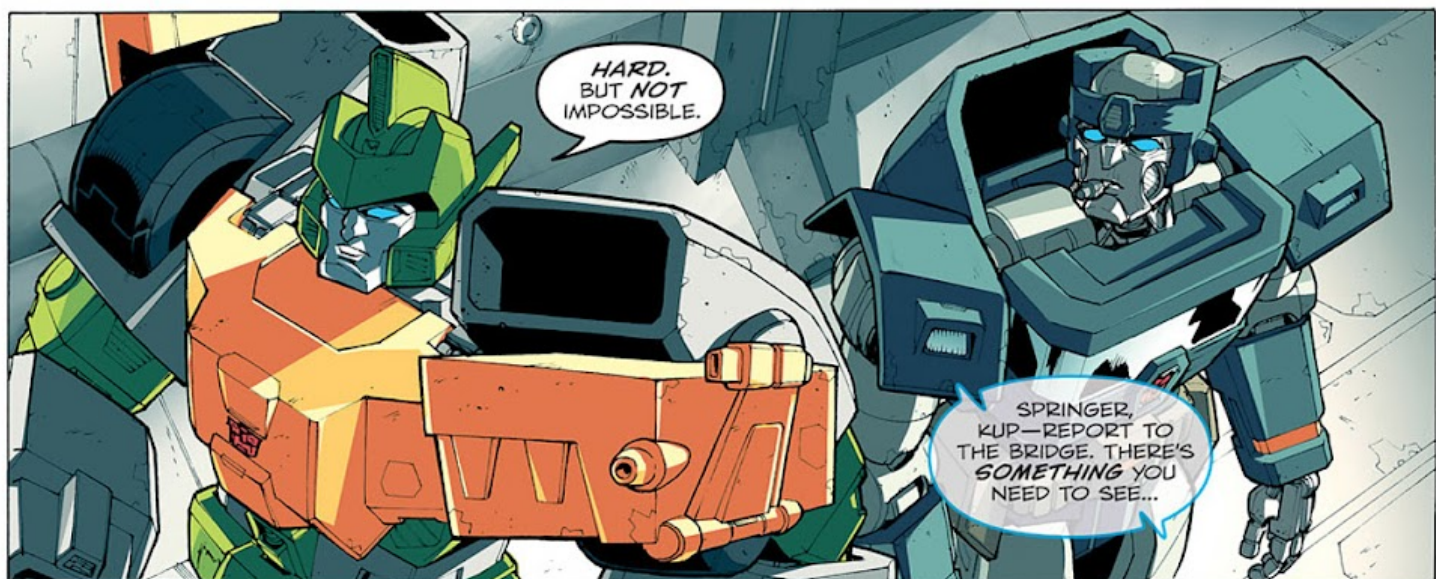


WHO?

C'MON... WELCOMIN' FRESH FACES, DWELLIN' ON BEIN' IN COMMAND, HEADIN' TO GARRUS-9 OF ALL PLACES?



MUST BE HARD NOT T'THINK ABOUT IMPACTOR.



HARD. BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

SPRINGER, KUP—REPORT TO THE BRIDGE. THERE'S *SOMETHING* YOU NEED TO SEE...





ONE MONTH AGO: GARRUS-9.







PLEASE,  
*KICK-OFF...*  
YOU'RE AN  
AUTOBOT!

KNOW WHAT  
THAT MEANS IN  
*THIS PLACE,*  
BOREHOLE?



NOTHING.

EXCELLENT!  
EXCELLENT!



WELL DONE,  
AUTOBOT. YOU'VE  
*CERTAINLY* FOUND YOUR  
PURPOSE IN LIFE.

JOIN  
ME IN MY  
QUARTERS...



...AND I WILL ALLOW  
YOU TO CHOOSE YOUR  
REWARD.









FA-BOOM

"OH WELL..."



...LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT US UP HERE JUST TO WATCH THE SHOW.

HMM...

UH-OH...



LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE MADE IT OUT BEFORE THE SHIP WENT UP...  
...AND THEY'RE HEADING OUR WAY!

WHAT?!

HOLD IT! DON'T YOU SEE WHO IT IS...?

VERITY, LOCK FORWARD WEAPONS ON—

OH NO...

EVEN AFTER DECA-CYCLES BEHIND BARS...

UNMISTAKABLE...





PERMISSION  
TO COME  
ABOARD?

"...IMPACTOR."

TO BE CONTINUED...





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# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS







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# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS

LAST STAND  
OF THE

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2



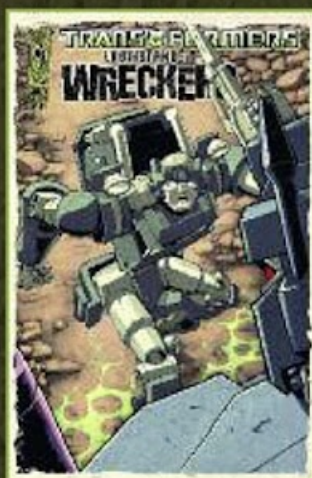
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# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

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Colors : **Josh Burcham**

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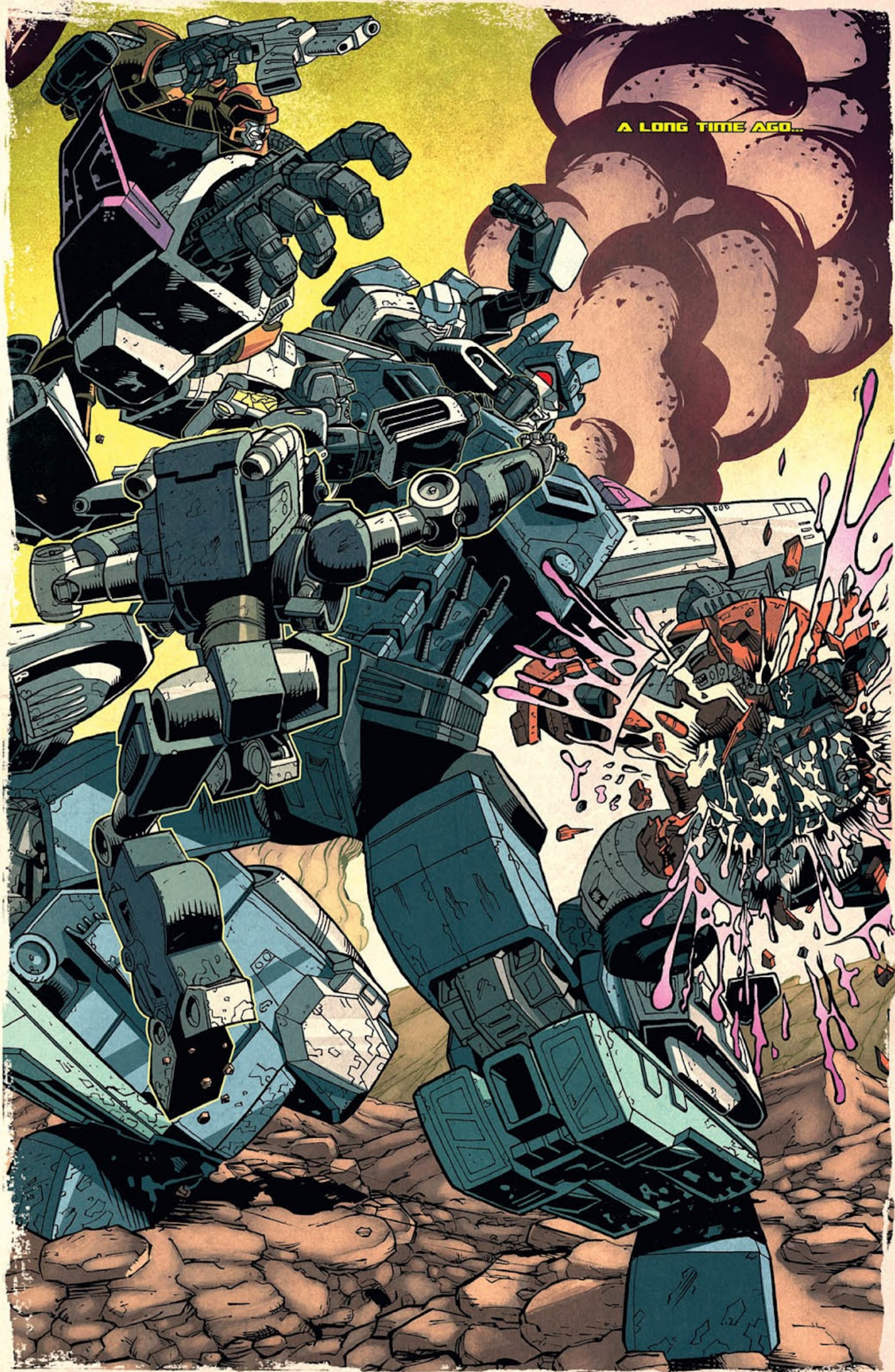
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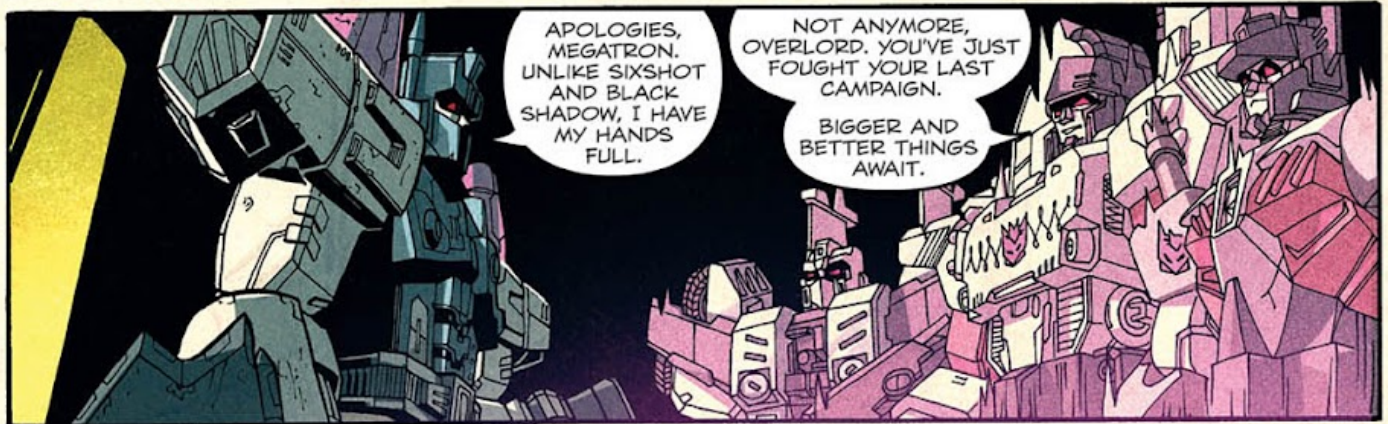
A LONG TIME AGO...



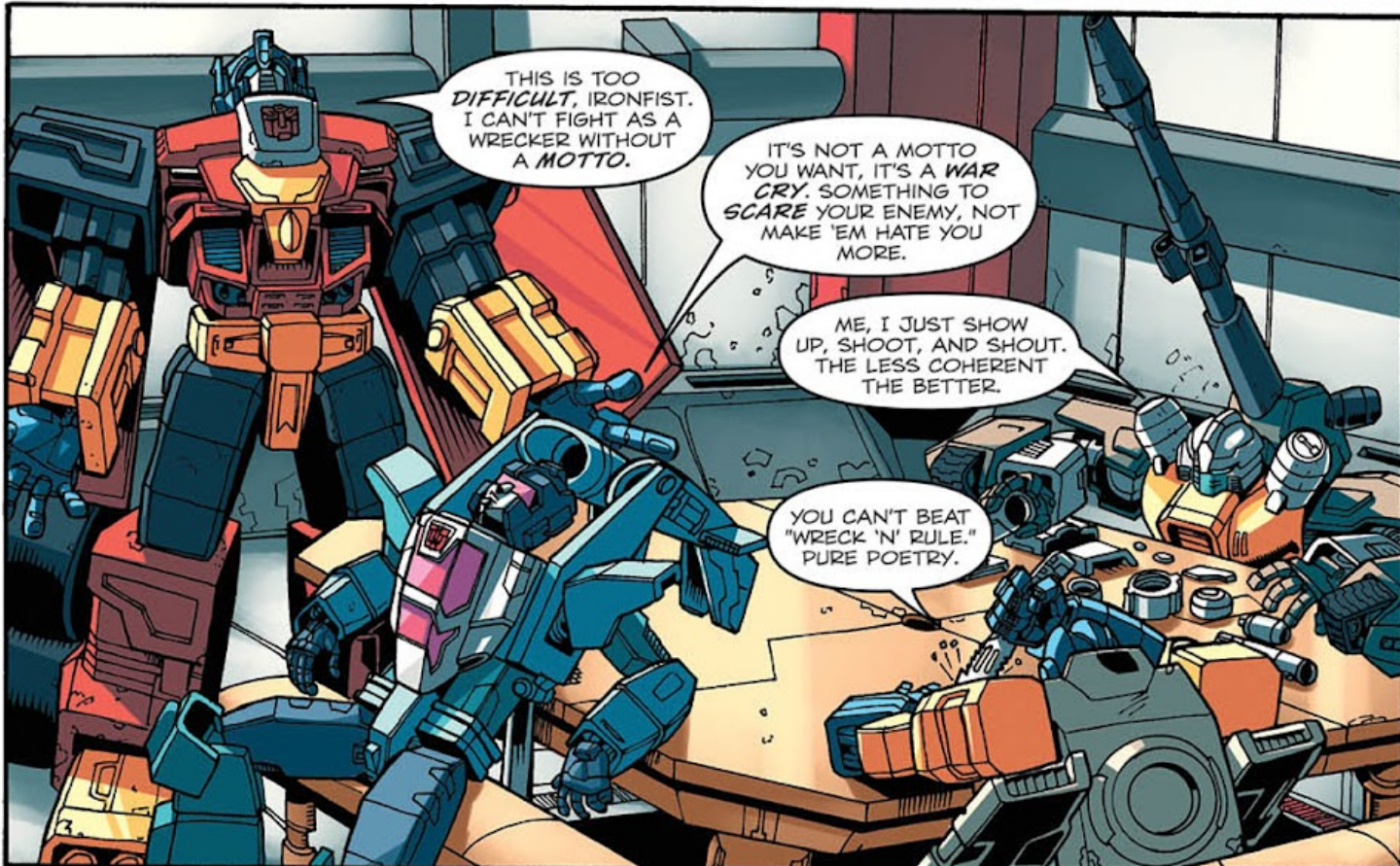
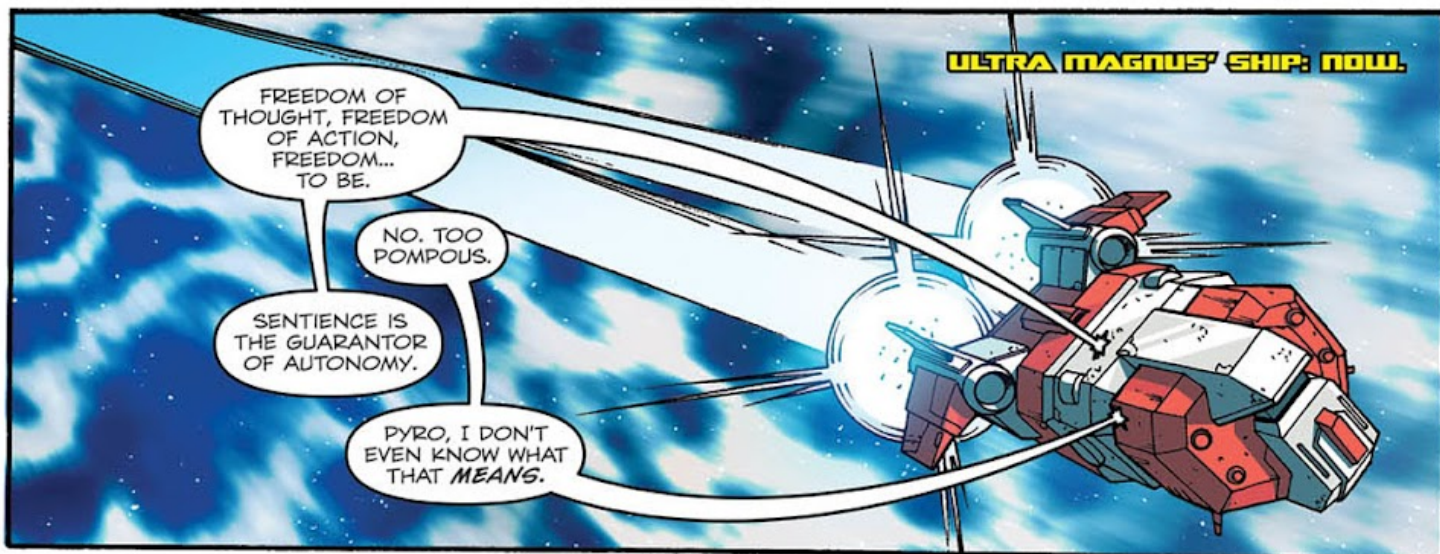




















"...I BET THAT'S ONE HELL OF A REUNION GOING ON IN THERE."

"IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE A THOUSAND YEARS TOO SOON"...

...YOUR LAST WORDS TO ME.



I CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR LAST WORDS TO ME, SPRINGER. I WAS TOO BUSY BEING THROWN INTO THE CELL THAT YOU CONDEMNED ME TO. IF YOU THINK I'LL EVER FORGIVE YOU FOR—

OW! GENTLY, PERCEPTOR! ALL THIS **POKING AROUND** TO TELL ME I'VE GOT A **HAND MISSING**?



SORRY. OUT OF PRACTICE. AND BY THE WAY...

...THERE'S SOMETHING IN YOUR **HEAD**.



I'M GUESSING IT'S A **DETERRENCE CHIP**... A MICROSCOPIC TRACKING DEVICE ADMINISTERED TO PRISONERS BY WAY OF A CRANIAL INJECTION.

IF THEY TRY TO ESCAPE... IT **EXPLODES**.



THEY GAVE IT TO ME AS A CELL-WARMING PRESENT. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT GO **BANG** WHEN I LEFT G-9.

GUESS ONLY **FORT MAX** KNEW THE DETONATION SIGNAL.



IMPACTOR, IF I'D KNOWN THEY WERE GOING TO... I MEAN...

...HOW DID YOU **GET** HERE, ANYWAY?





K-CHNK

WHO'S THERE?



IT'S ME—**SNARE**. WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE—**NOW**, WHILE EVERYONE'S WATCHING THE FIGHT.



WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU? YOU'RE A **DECEPTICON**. CALLED **SNARE**.

AND YOU'RE "THE AUTOBOT WHO WENT **TOO FAR**"... DENIED THE **MERCY** OF SPARK EXTRACTION BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T SHOW REMORSE FOR YOUR CRIME.



ALL IN ALL, FEELS LIKE I'M THE ONE TAKING THE RISK HERE.

WHY **ME**, **SNARE**? THOSE **WINGS** JUST FOR SHOW? WHY NOT FLY OFF THIS ROCK... LEAVE OVERLORD TO IT?



BECAUSE I'M AS MUCH A PRISONER HERE AS YOU. I'M **SCARED** OF HIM, **IMPACTOR**. WE **ALL** ARE. BUT **YOU**...



...YOU RESCUED HOSTAGES ON THE CUSP OF AN EVENT HORIZON. YOU CHASED **SQUADRON X** ACROSS NINE STAR SYSTEMS.

YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE IT **OUT** OF HERE AND BRING BACK **HELP**.

WHY NOW?

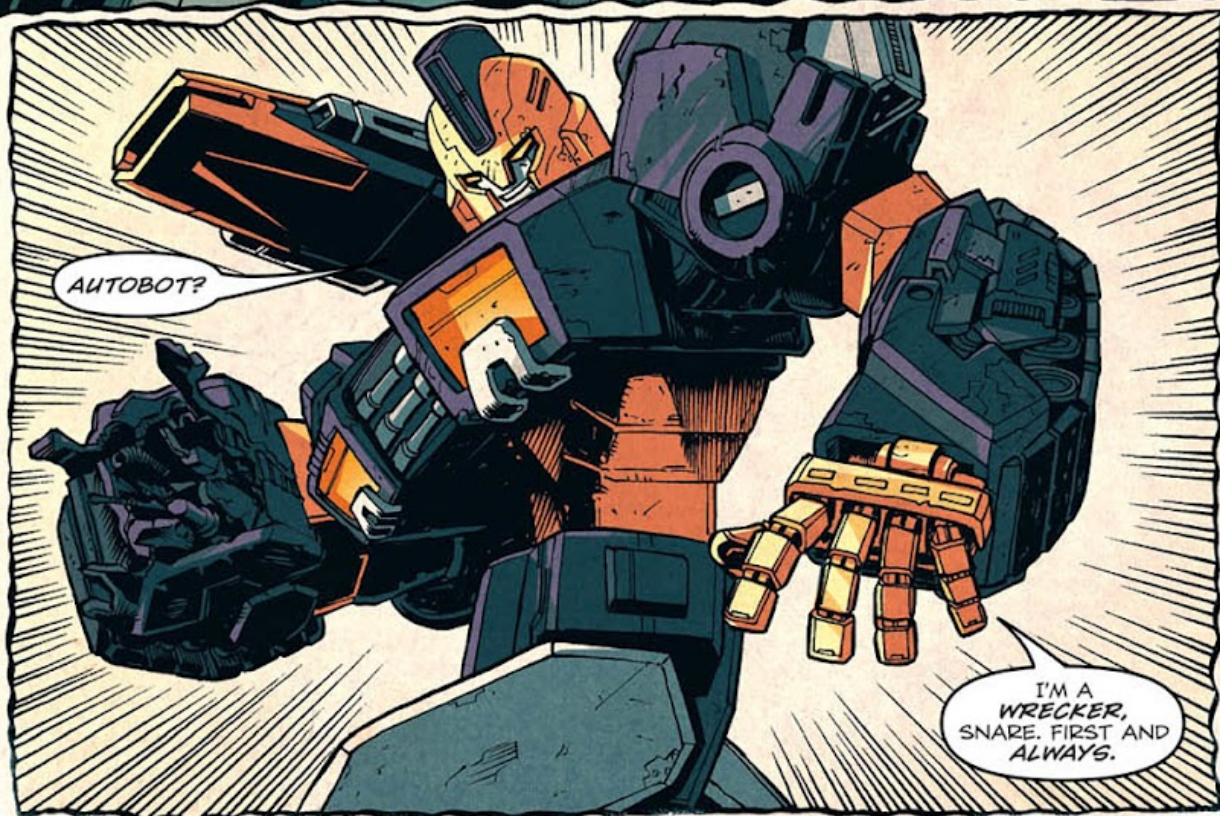




LET'S SAY I HAD AN *EPIPHANY*. I WATCHED TOO MANY PEOPLE MAKE DECISIONS AND REALIZED I HAD ONE OF MY OWN TO MAKE.

LOOK, G-9'S FORCEFIELD IS OFFLINE WHILE THEY UPGRADE THE REACTOR CORE. GO *NOW*! TAKE A SHUTTLE AND GET OFF-PLANET.

*QUICKLY, AUTOBOT!*



AUTOBOT?

I'M A *WRECKER*, SNARE. FIRST AND ALWAYS.



OVERLORD'S TURNED G-9 INTO A CROSS BETWEEN A *DEATH CAMP* AND AN *AMUSEMENT PARK*. PIT FIGHTS, HUNTING PARTIES, RITUAL EXECUTIONS... AND THE *TORTURE*...



...AUTOBOTS STAGGERING BACK TO THEIR CELLS, EYES LIKE BULLET HOLES, FLINCHING AT THE GAPS BETWEEN THEIR FINGERS...

OVERLORD? DAMMIT. MAYBE WE SHOULD DELAY THE MISSION...

YOU KIDDING? THIS JUST GOT INTERESTING. BUT WE DO NEED TO RETHINK OUR STRATEGY.

DISMISSED, IMPACTOR.

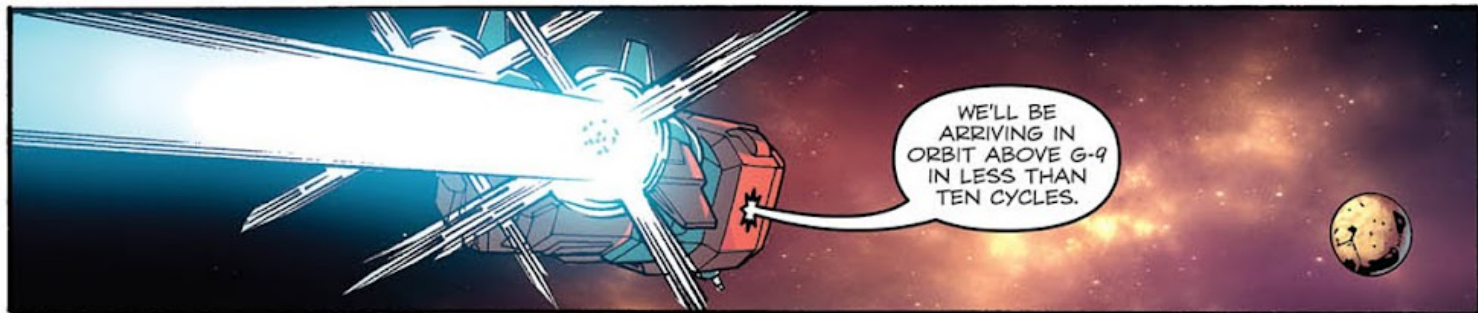

















WOW. I DIDN'T  
KNOW ROBOTS *DID*  
SHARP-INTAKES-OF-  
BREATH.

WHAT'S AN  
"OVERLORD"?

THE DECEPTICONS'  
MOST HIGH-PROFILE  
*DESERTER*. USED TO  
BE A GENERAL, BUT  
NOW... WELL, NO  
ONE'S QUITE  
SURE.

"HE WAS *MEGATRON'S*  
*FINAL SOLUTION*, THE  
*GO-TO GUY* WHEN ALL  
ELSE FAILED. SOME  
CALLED HIM A *PSYCHO*,  
BUT THAT WAS WAY  
OFF. HE WAS ALWAYS  
IN CONTROL.

"HE SAW EACH  
MILITARY CAMPAIGN  
AS AN EXERCISE IN  
*PAIN MANAGEMENT*,  
A CHANCE TO COOK  
UP MORE 'N' MORE  
SICK WAYS OF  
SLAUGHTERIN'  
THE ENEMY.

"UNLIKE EVERY OTHER 'CON  
TOUGH ENOUGH TO GIVE  
MEGATRON SLEEPLESS  
NIGHTS, OVERLORD WASN'T  
POWER-HUNGRY. HE JUST  
WANTED TO GRADUATE FROM  
*HOMICIDE* TO *GENOCIDE*,  
ADD A FEW NOTCHES TO HIS  
KILL STATS.

"BUT MEGS STILL GOT TWITCHY.  
HE TOOK OVERLORD'S LACK  
OF AMBITION TO BE A *FACADE*  
AND STARTED REININ' HIM IN,  
TIGHTENIN' HIS LEASH.

"SOME SAY THAT'S WHY  
HE *UP AN' LEFT*."



"I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED. CALDOON 4. WE HAD THE 'CONS PINNED DOWN WHEN OVERLORD JUST, WELL... LANDED ON US. THINGS GOT KINDA MESSY."

"MID-BATTLE, THE GUY VANISHES. WE'RE LICKIN' OUR WOUNDS WHEN HE CATCHES UP WITH US AN' JUST PICKS UP WHERE HE'D LEFT OFF."

"I REMEMBER LOOKIN' INTO HIS EYES AND SEEIN'... NUTHIN'. AN ABSENCE, Y'KNOW? LIKE HIS MIND WAS SOMEPLACE ELSE."

"THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE JUST... STOPS. AN' BEFORE WE CAN FULLY TAKE ADVANTAGE, HE SPLITS, SAYIN'..."

TELL MEGATRON I'VE CHOSEN OPTION 2...

...AND THAT I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM.

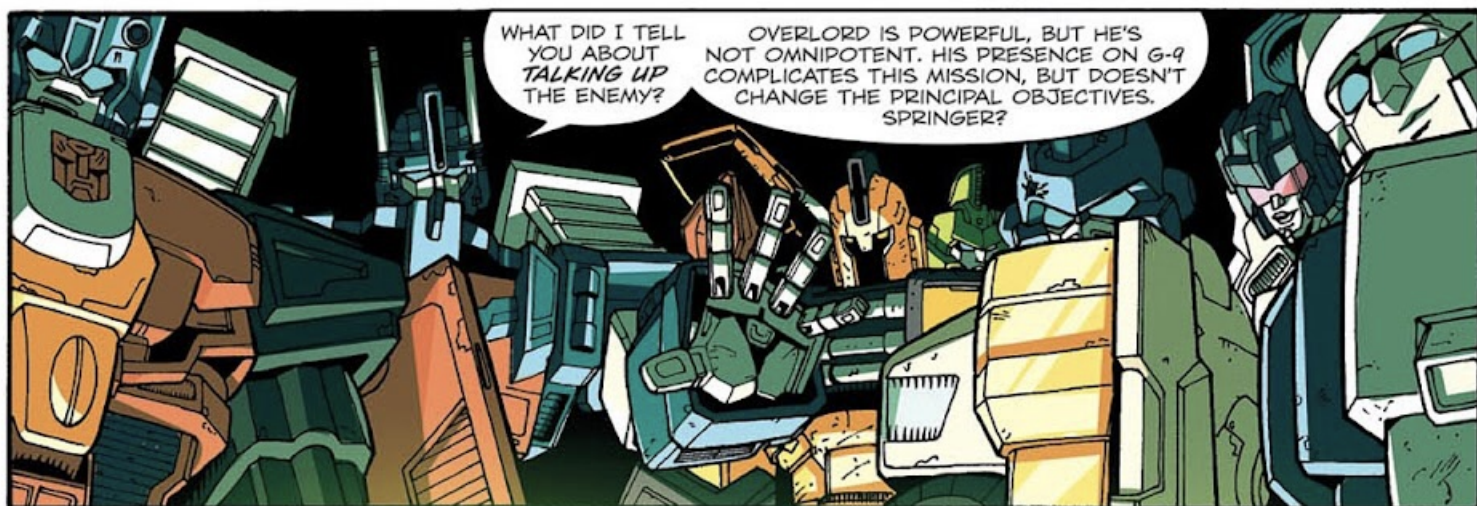
"STRANGEST THING I EVER SAW."





ME AN' EVERYONE ELSE KINDA THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD. GUESS NOT...

ER... KUP?



WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT **TALKING UP** THE ENEMY?

OVERLORD IS POWERFUL, BUT HE'S NOT OMNIPOTENT. HIS PRESENCE ON G-9 COMPLICATES THIS MISSION, BUT DOESN'T CHANGE THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTIVES. SPRINGER?



IMPACTOR SAYS THERE ARE **FIFTY AUTOBOTS** DOWN THERE, MOSTLY EX-GUARDS, HELD IN CELL BLOCKS IN THE **SOUTHERN DOME**. RESCUING THEM IS OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE. OUR SECOND OBJECTIVE IS—

KILL OVERLORD!

THANK YOU, GUZZLE, FOR REMINDING ME WHY I RECRUITED YOU. BUT NO, THE SECOND OBJECTIVE IS TO FIND **AEQUITAS**.



SOME OF YOU WILL **RECOGNIZE** THE NAME...



...BUT MOST OF YOU **WON'T**.

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT **AEQUITAS** IS **DOWN THERE** AMONGST HUNDREDS OF DECEPTICONS, AND THAT'S **NOT GOOD**.





THIS IS A **LATTICE** FORCEFIELD. TO BREAK THROUGH IT WE'LL ADAPT THE **DIVIDE-AND-CONQUER** APPROACH WE USED TO PENETRATE MAGMA'S ORBITAL SHIELD...

YOU USED TWO SHIPS TO HIT SEPARATE WEAK SPOTS AT **EXACTLY** THE SAME TIME, ANGLE, AND SPEED, FATALLY COMPROMISING THE SHIELD'S STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY!

MISSION 078/088. OPERATION: **VOLCANO. CLASSIC.**



WE'LL LAND **TWO DROP PODS** ON THE SOUTHERN DOME, FREE THE PRISONERS, FIND AEQUITAS, STEAL A TROOP CARRIER, AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE.



THAT'S THE PLAN? NOT EXACTLY **PRIME'S FIVEFOLD MANEUVER**, IS IT?

TURN UP AND SHOOT... 'BOUT AS **FANCY** AS IT GETS WITH US **WRECKERS**. YOU WANNA SPEND ALL DAY CALCULATING "TOLERABLE MARGINS OF ERROR"? CALL **PROWL**.

MUCH SIMPLER WITH ME, KID. IF YOU'RE DEAD, YOU FAILED.



HANG ON. ONLY **ROTORSTORM'S** GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO HIT A WEAK SPOT ON A **LATTICE FORCEFIELD**. HE'S GOT **ONE** OF THE PODS UNDER CONTROL. WHO'S GOT THE OTHER?

ME AGAIN, OLD MAN. **REMOTE CONTROL.**

AND YES, I **AM** THAT GOOD.



SO THAT'S THE PLAN, **WRECKERS**.

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO **RIGHT**?



**LAUNCH IN T-MINUS ONE HOUR.**

THEY'RE SMALL, BUT THEY PACK ONE HECK OF A PUNCH. *CEREBRO-SENSITIVE BULLETS* LOCK ON TO THE TARGET'S BRAIN MODULE AND—WELL, YOU CAN WORK OUT THE REST.

THE WRECKERS, IMPOSSIBLE ODDS, WEIRD BRAIN BULLETS... IT DOESN'T GET MUCH BETTER THAN THIS.

**T-MINUS 50 MINUTES.**

IT'S HAPPENING MORE *OFTEN* NOW... JUST LIKE PERCEPTOR PREDICTED. WHAT DID HE CALL IT?

*VICARIOUS PERCEPTION*. I'M GETTING IT TOO. BUT WE CAN'T LET IT DISTRACT US, OKAY? WE PLOW ON AS NORMAL, RIGHT?

**T-MINUS 40 MINUTES.**

**T-MINUS 30 MINUTES.**

Dear Ultra Magnus  
By the time you read this I

**T-MINUS 20 MINUTES.**

THERE. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?

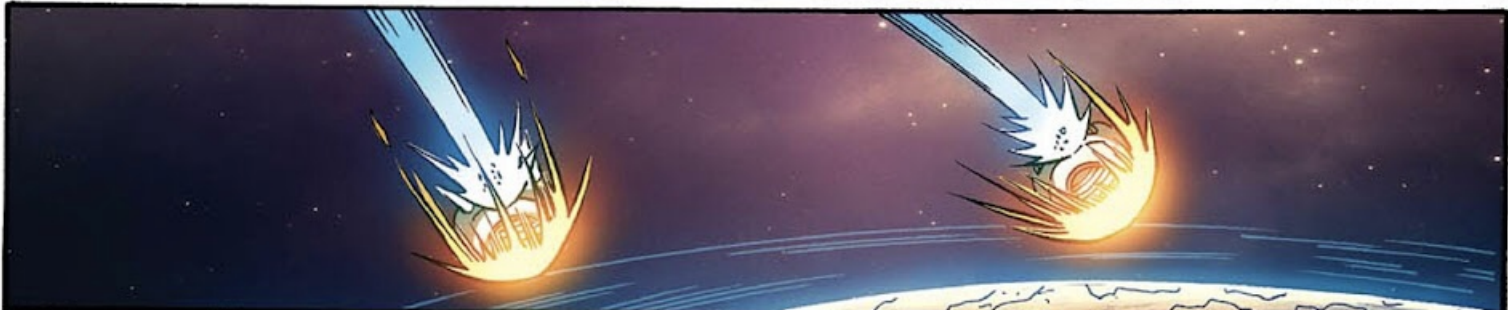
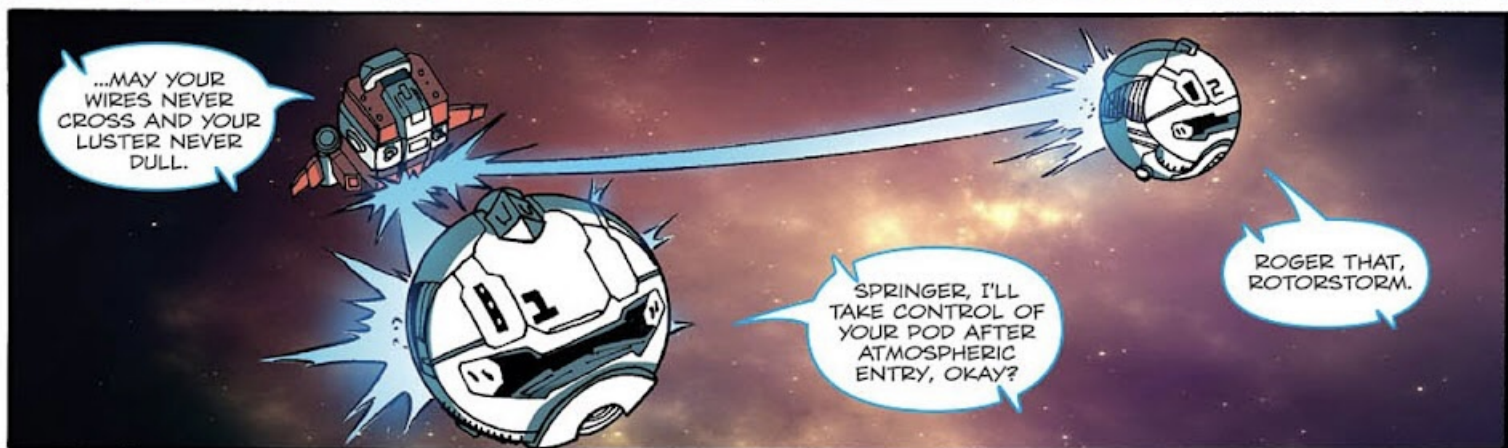
INVOLUNTARY SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN. THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME, MAGNUS. AND I BELIEVE HIM.

**T-MINUS 10 MINUTES.**

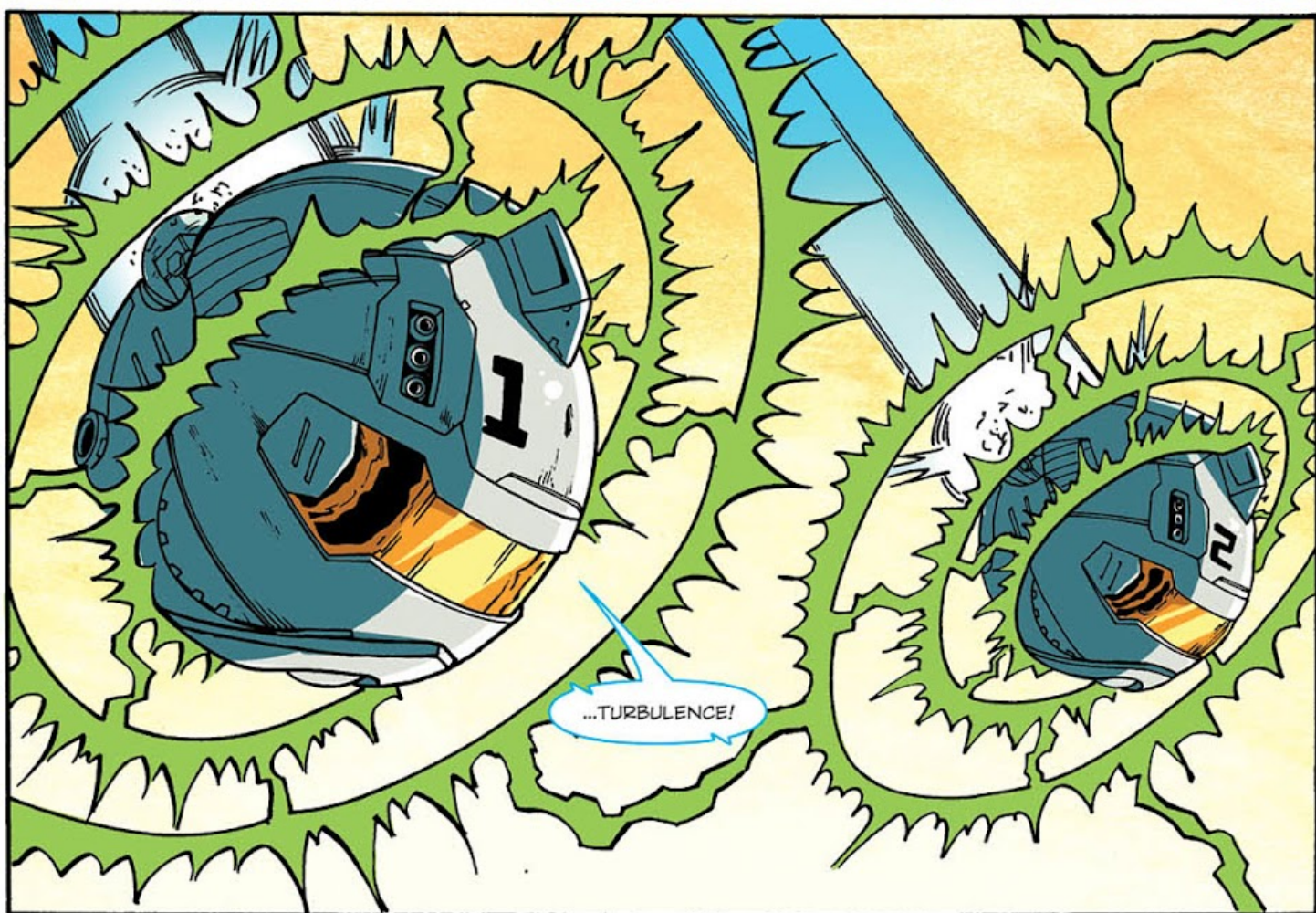
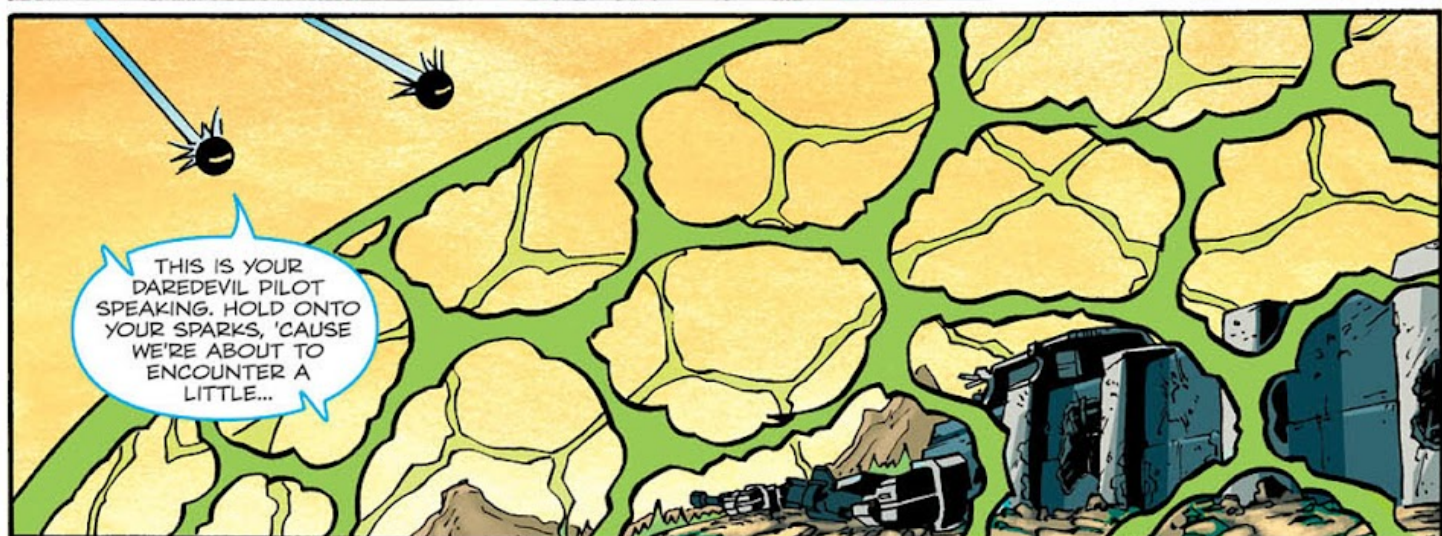
"FLY TWO SHIPS AT ONCE? HIT TWO TINY TARGETS *SIMULTANEOUSLY*? OF COURSE I CAN, SPRINGER... SHALL I SINGLE-HANDEDLY LIBERATE G-9 WHILE I'M AT IT?"

YOU'RE MORE OF A WANNABE THAN IRONFIST, ROTORSTORM. PATHETIC.

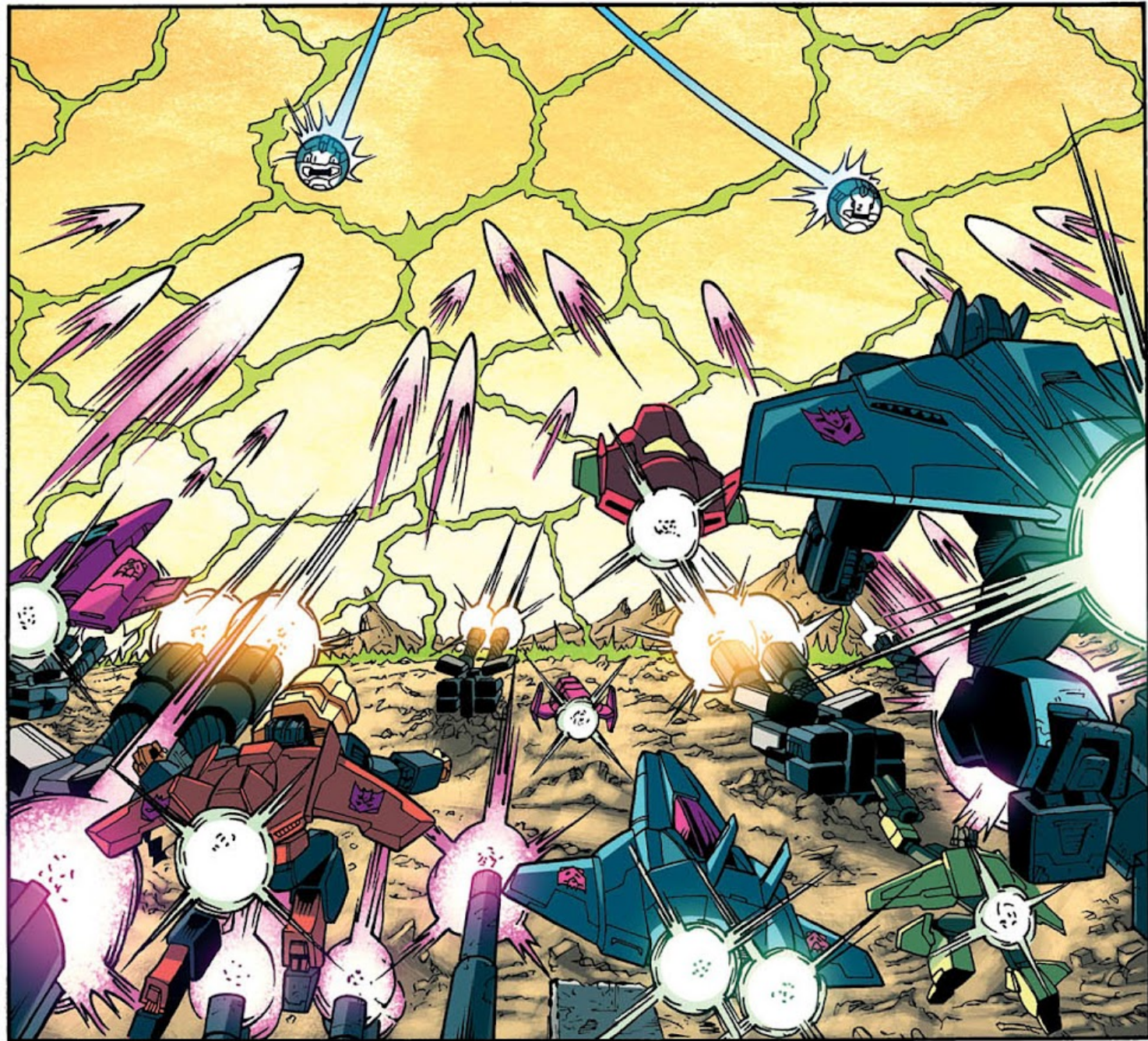




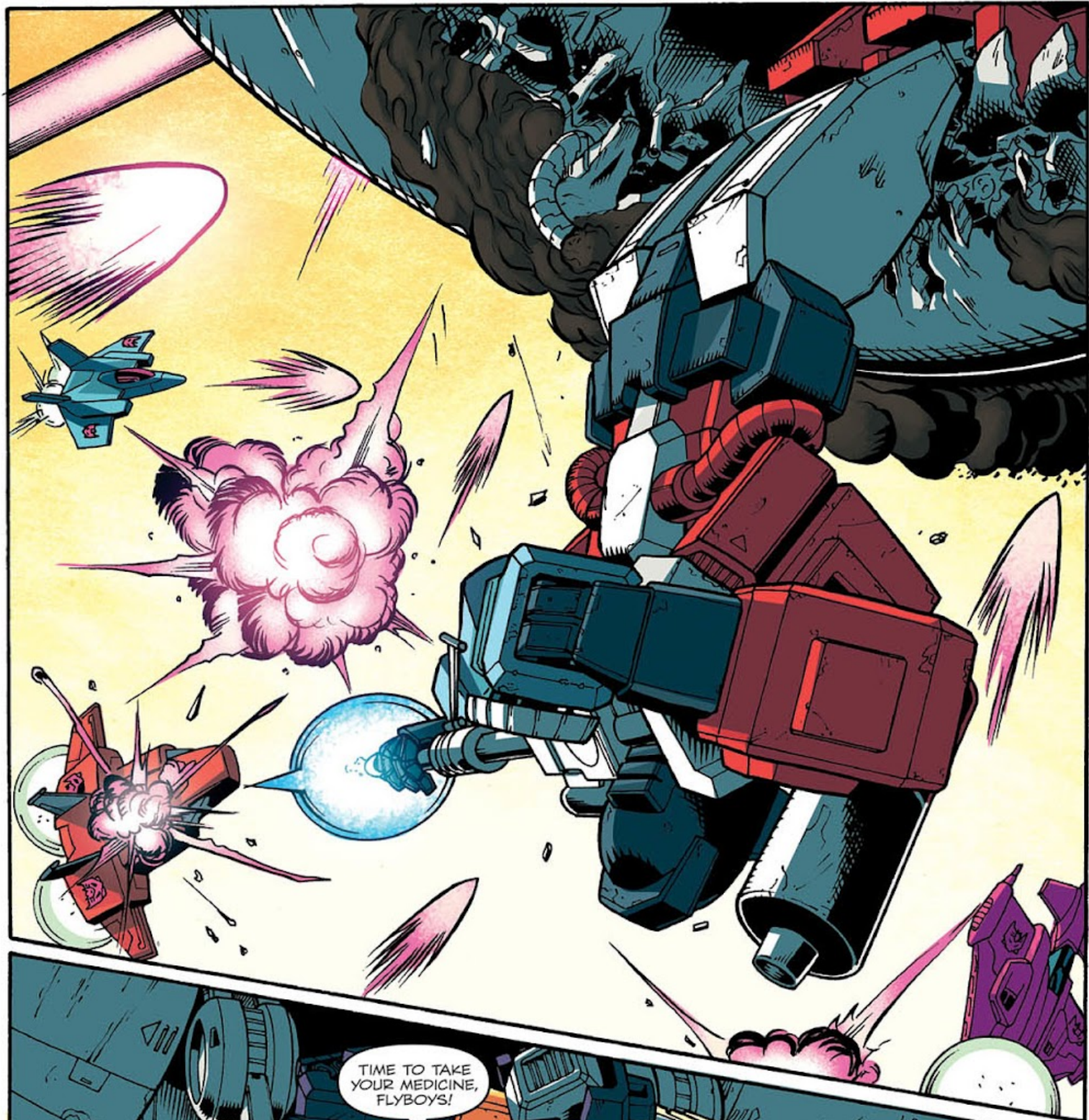




















NOW?

NOW, THINGS  
GO FROM *BAD*  
TO MUCH, MUCH  
*WORSE*.

TO BE CONTINUED...





Issue #3  
COVER A  
\$3.99

# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS







COVER B  
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# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS

LAST STAND  
OF THE

# WRECKERS

3



Haren



# THE TRANSFORMERS

LAST STAND OF THE

# WRECKERS







COVER A  
NICK ROCHE  
colors by Josh Burcham



COVER B  
TREVOR HUTCHISON



COVER RI  
TREVOR HUTCHISON

# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

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The events in this issue take place  
during the events of TRANSFORMERS #1-3



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**GARRUS-9 MAXIMUM SECURITY  
PENITENTIARY: TWO YEARS AGO.**

YOU'VE HAD  
CONTROL OF THE  
LAST RESORT FOR 11  
MONTHS, THREE WEEKS,  
FOUR DAYS, 15 HOURS,  
55 MINUTES AND  
11 SECONDS...

...AND ONLY  
NOW DO YOU  
CHOOSE TO  
REUNITE ME WITH  
MY BODY?

AH,  
SHOCKWAVE, YOU  
PREY UPON MY GUILT.  
NONETHELESS, I CAN  
COUNT ON YOUR  
ASSISTANCE?

YOU  
HOBBLED  
ME, SHOCKWAVE.  
YOUR ACHILLES  
VIRUS GAVE ME  
A TACTICAL  
BLIND SPOT,  
AND I DIDN'T EVEN  
REALIZE IT UNTIL  
AFTER I'D LEFT  
CALDOON 4.

A GOOD  
STRATEGIST IS HALF  
PSYCHOLOGIST, HALF  
SADIST. AND I WAS THE  
BEST. I COULD LOOK  
INTO MY ENEMIES' SOULS  
AND KNOW, WITH GIDDY  
CERTAINTY, HOW TO  
CRUSH THEM.

EXCEPT  
WHEN IT CAME TO  
ONE PERSON...

...MEGATRON.

AND YOU  
WONDER WHY HE  
ORDERED ME TO  
INFECT YOU...

I SHALL REMOVE  
THIS "BLIND SPOT,"  
OVERLORD. AFTER  
ALL, YOUR GOALS  
FURTHER MINE.

WONDERFUL!  
I'VE PREPARED  
AN ESCAPE CRAFT  
FOR YOU, AS  
DISCUSSED.

YOU AND YOUR  
HAND-PICKED CREW  
CAN LEAVE AS SOON AS  
YOU'VE ADMINISTERED  
THE ANTI-VIRALS.



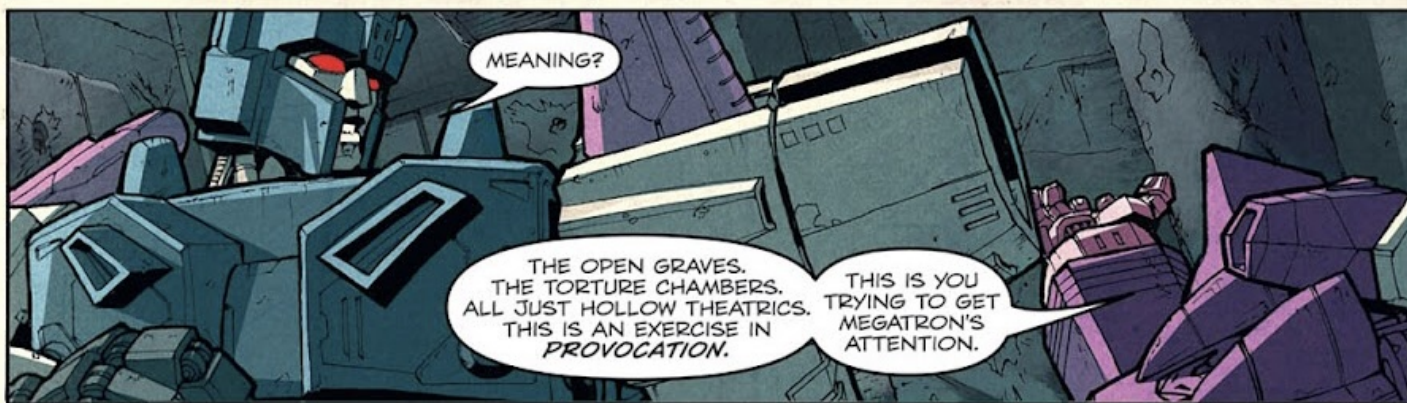


AND WHEN I'VE GONE—WHAT THEN FOR YOU, OVERLORD? MORE TERROR EXPERIMENTS IN THIS BUBBLE YOU'VE BUILT FOR YOURSELF?



NO DOUBT. I'M CURRENTLY ENCOURAGING MY "GUESTS" TO BELIEVE THAT THEY CAN *FIGHT* THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM. *HILARIOUS.*

YOU THINK YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS, BUT YOU'RE NOT.



MEANING?

THE OPEN GRAVES. THE TORTURE CHAMBERS. ALL JUST HOLLOW THEATRICS. THIS IS AN EXERCISE IN *PROVOCATION.*

THIS IS YOU TRYING TO GET MEGATRON'S ATTENTION.



HAVING *ONE EYE* MAKES YOU SEE THE WORLD IN *UNUSUAL* WAYS, SHOCKWAVE...


THANKFULLY.

YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST *PHASE SIXER* TO *BAIT* MEGATRON, OVERLORD...



TRUE. BUT I ONLY HAVE TO BE THE *LAST*...





EXCERPTS FROM THE UNOFFICIAL  
WRECKERS' TRAINING MANUAL,  
BY FISITRON:

THE FIRST RULE OF BEING A  
WRECKER IS "STICK TOGETHER":  
THE WHOLE IS ALWAYS GREATER  
THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS.

WE'VE  
LOST THE  
OTHERS!

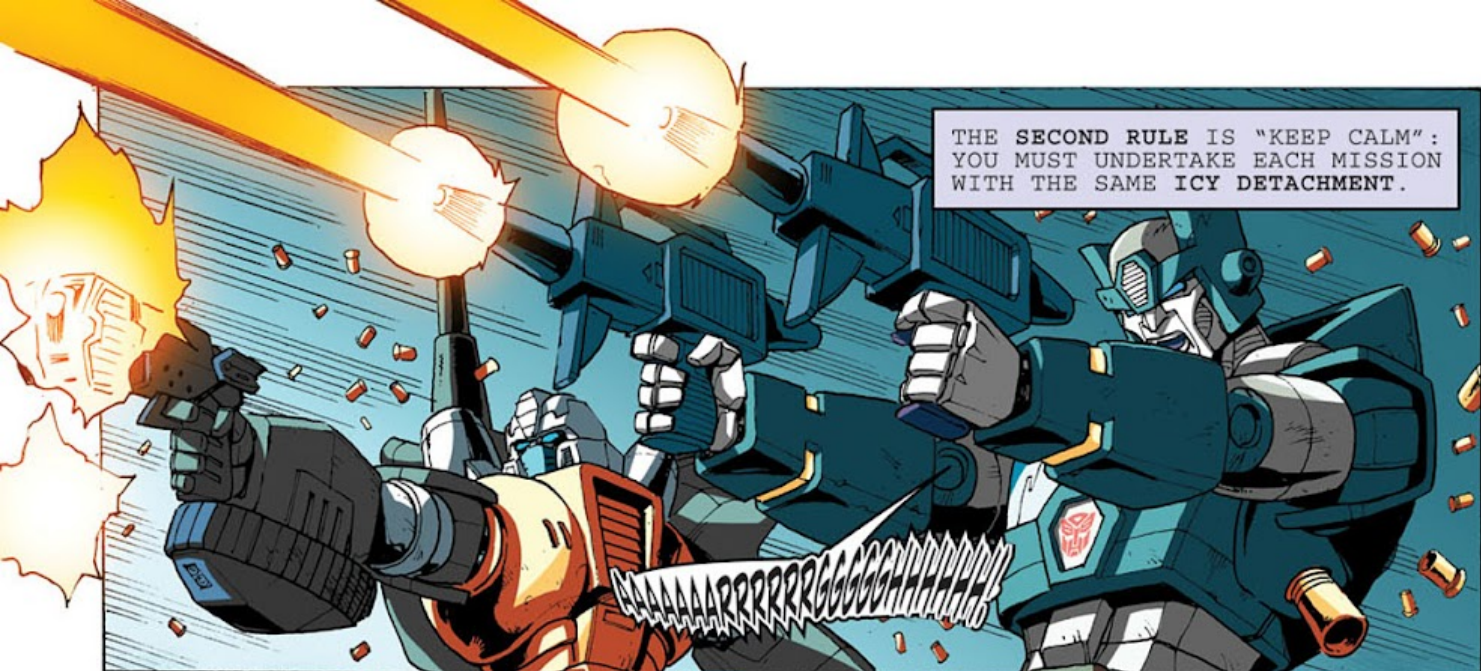
I SAW THEM  
HEADING TOWARD  
THE PIT—THEY'RE  
GONNA LAND IN  
OVERLORD'S  
LAP!

BUT IF YOU DO GET SEPARATED, FINDING  
YOUR TEAMMATES AUTOMATICALLY BECOMES  
YOUR MAIN PRIORITY.

THEY CAN  
LOOK AFTER  
THEMSELVES! WE'VE  
GOT OUR OWN  
PROBLEMS!







THE SECOND RULE IS "KEEP CALM":  
YOU MUST UNDERTAKE EACH MISSION  
WITH THE SAME ICY DETACHMENT.



RULE THREE IS SIMPLE:  
"DON'T MAKE IT PERSONAL..."

IT'S  
PAYBACK  
TIME!  
THIS IS FOR  
MAXIMUS—AND  
THE REST!



...AND RULE FOUR IS OFTEN  
OVERLOOKED: "ALWAYS FOCUS  
ON THE POSITIVES."

THIS IS BAD.  
WE'RE OUTPAID,  
OUTFLANKED AND  
OUTGUNNED. AND FOR  
ALL WE KNOW, THE  
OTHERS DIED WHEN  
THEIR DROP POD  
CRASHED!

EASY, BOSS.  
THEY'RE OKAY.  
WELL, TOPSPIN  
IS. FACE IT...



"...WE'RE THE ONES  
THAT NEED HELP."



**THE PIT.**

I THOUGHT  
MEGATRON HAD SENT  
YOU, BUT NO. YOU'RE  
AUTOBOTS.

NOT REALLY—YOU  
ALL MAKE THE SAME  
WHIMPERING SOUND  
WHEN YOU DIE.

WRECKERS.  
THERE'S A  
DIFFERENCE.



BOLD WORDS, OVERLORD. BUT  
YOU RECKONED WITHOUT  
ONE THING...

...WRECKERS:  
COMBINE!



WELL, I  
THOUGHT IT  
WAS FUNNY.













THE PIT.

THIS JUST  
ISN'T WORKING  
OUT, IS IT  
WRECKERS?

A  
SUGGESTION:  
SURRENDER.  
GIVE UP.

PYRO? THE  
HUMAN.

VERITY?  
WHAT ABOUT  
HER?

DO AS PRIME  
WOULD DO: **PROTECT**  
HER. AND LET THE  
REST OF US...

...MAKE  
OVERLORD  
PAY.





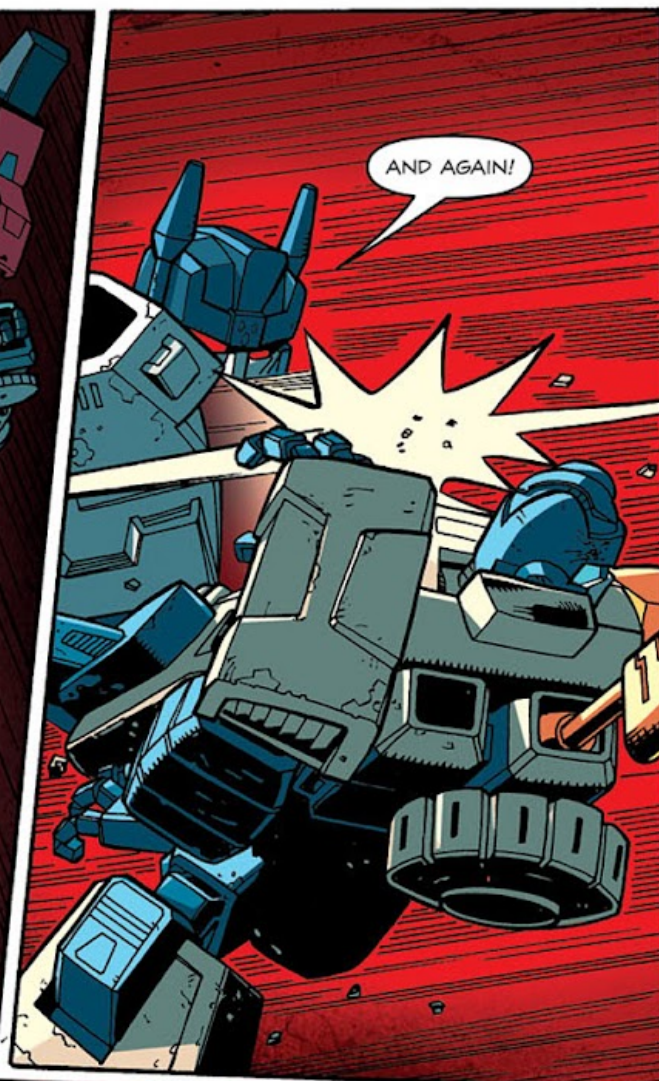




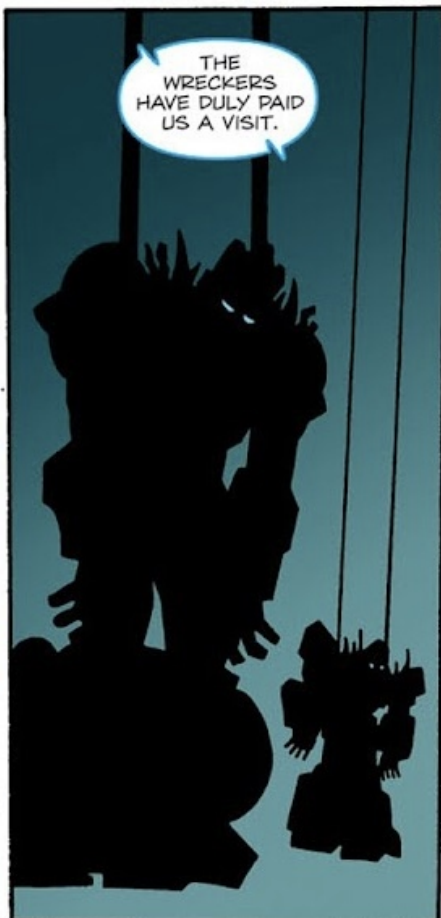




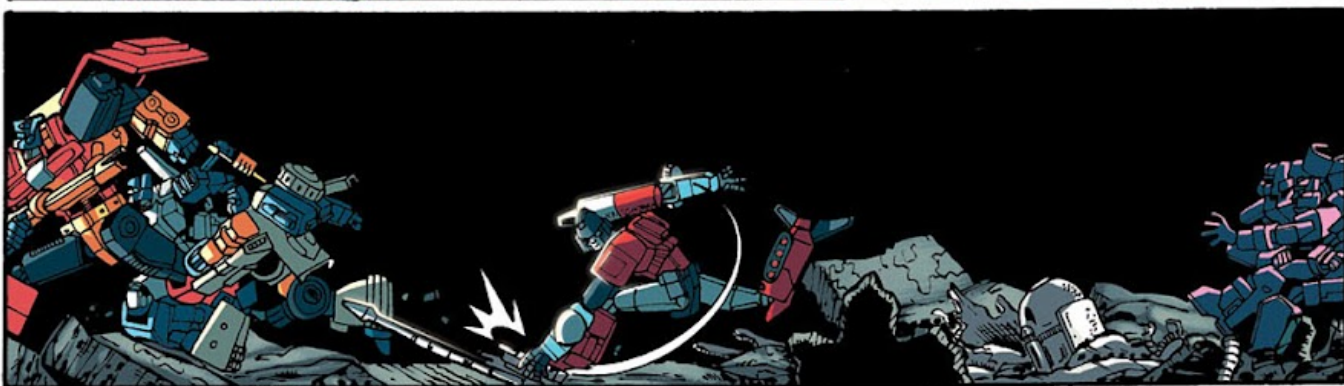




















GLAD WE WERE  
NAIVE ENOUGH TO  
BRING THAT EXTRA  
FUEL....

SO, WHAT  
NOW?

WE HEAD  
SOUTH AND FIND  
AEGUITAS.



ER,  
PERCEPTOR? I  
THINK IRONFIST  
IS BROKEN...



IRONFIST...?  
I KNOW THIS IS  
TOUGH, BUT WE  
MUST HURRY.



NO, NO. I  
MEAN... HE JUST...  
HE JUST STOOD  
THERE AND...

IRONFIST...?



HE SHOT HIM  
IN THE HEAD,  
PERCEPTOR! IN  
THE HEAD!

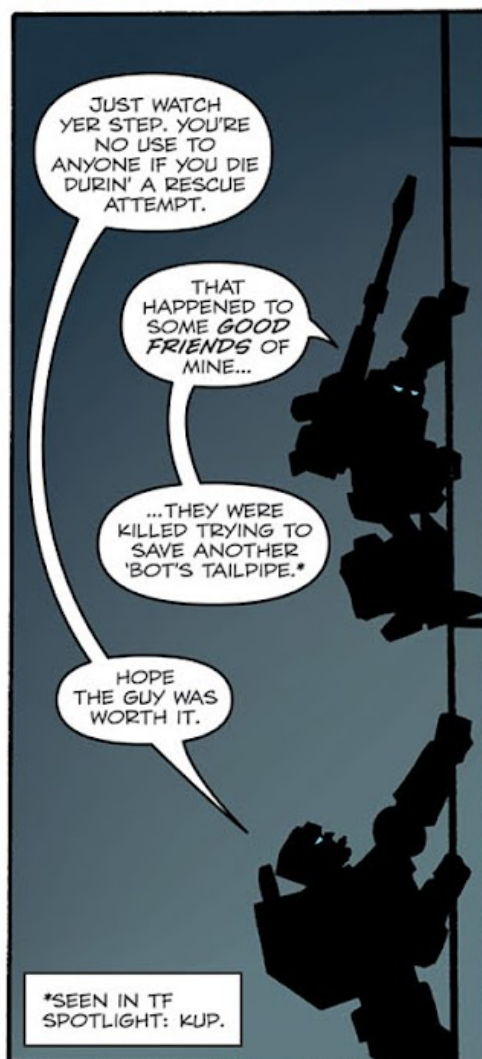
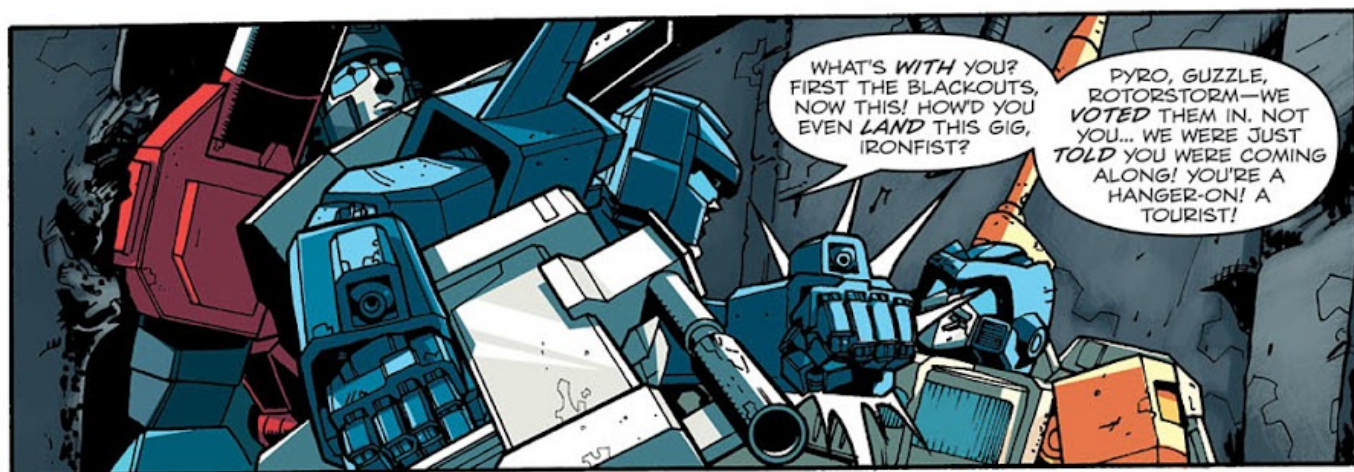
THIS ISN'T  
WHAT BEING A  
WRECKER'S  
ABOUT...

...SAVING LIVES,  
YES. DRAMATIC  
RESCUES, YES. AND  
HAVING ADVENTURES!  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
JUST HAVING  
ADVENTURES?

BUT THAT?  
BACK THERE? WITH  
THE LAUGHING AND  
THE GUN AND ALL  
THE... ALL THE  
VISCERA?

THAT WAS  
NOT PART OF  
THE DEAL.









**GARRUS-9: THE SOUTHERN WING, A.K.A. "THE LAST RESORT."**

TOPSPIN, YOU CAN TELL ME TO MIND MY OWN BUSINESS, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU BACK AT THE PIT?

JUST AFTER ROTORSTORM WAS SHOT—YOU SEEM TO BE IN PAIN.



HM? OH, WHAT THE HELL—WE'LL BE DEAD BY DAYBREAK...



YOU EVER HEARD OF A BRANCHED SPARK, PYRO?

IT'S A PRODUCTION GLITCH, RIGHT? IT AFFECTS TWO IN A MILLION—OH, YOU AND TWIN TWIST.

BINGO. WE'VE GOT A SORT OF OVERLAPPING NERVOUS SYSTEM. SOMETIMES, IF TWIN TWIST HURTS HIMSELF, I CAN FEEL IT. AND VICE VERSA.



AND IF ONE OF YOU DIES...?

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT.

FORGIVE ME, BUT IF YOU'RE BOTH DOUBLY VULNERABLE, WHY IN THE NAME OF PRIME'S FACEPLATE DID YOU JOIN THE WRECKERS?



HEY, I WAS HAPPY BEING A CARTOGRAPHER. BUT YOU TRY MAPPING CONTOURS WHEN YOUR OTHER HALF IS OFF SAVING PLANETS AND HUNTING DOWN SQUADRON X.

I JOINED SO I COULD KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

AS I THOUGHT...



...THESE WALLS ARE VIBRATING AT A FREQUENCY THAT PUTS THEM SLIGHTLY OUT OF SYNC WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS. RENDERS THEM VIRTUALLY IMPENETRABLE.

AEQUITAS MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE.





LOOK, JUST WHO IS THIS AEQUITAS? A PRIME-KILLER? A SPARK-EATER?

AND IF HE'S SO DANGEROUS, WHY IS HIGH COMMAND SO *KEEN* FOR US TO RESCUE HIM? HE MUST BE A VERITABLE—

BY THE PRIME PROGRAM! *VERITY!* I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT HER!



IDIOT! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME KNOCKING? DIDN'T YOU *FEEL* IT?

LOOK, *LITTLE MISS LIABILITY*, IF IT WASN'T FOR *ME* YOU'D BE A SMEAR ON OVERLORD'S BOOT!



HUMANS DON'T *BEND* THAT WAY! I THINK I'VE CRACKED A RIB...

DON'T BLAME *ME* FOR YOUR DESIGN FLAWS. HUMANS ARE TOO FRAGILE. I'M STARTING TO WONDER WHAT PRIME SEES IN YOU...



*FRAGILE?! HEY*, JUDGING FROM WHAT HAPPENED TO ROTORSTORM BACK THERE, YOU BIG, BAD AUTOBOTS AREN'T EXACTLY—



—WAIT. WAIT. I'M SORRY. THAT WAS A TOTALLY *DAMAGED* THING TO SAY. I'M SCARED, OKAY? AND WHEN I GET SCARED, I MOUTH OFF.

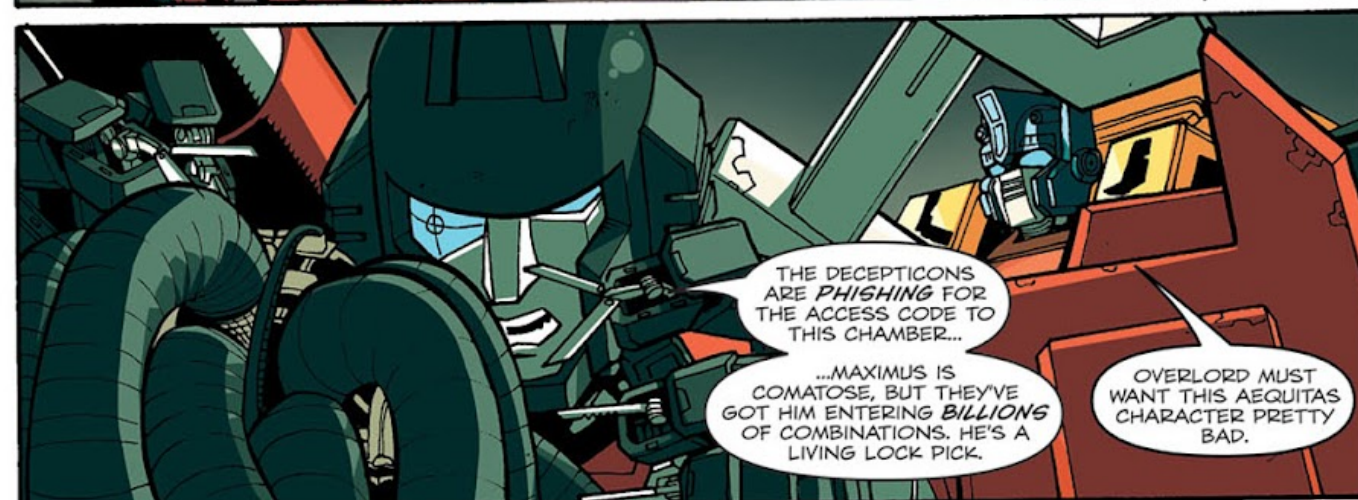
WERE YOU GUYS, LIKE, *CLOSE*?



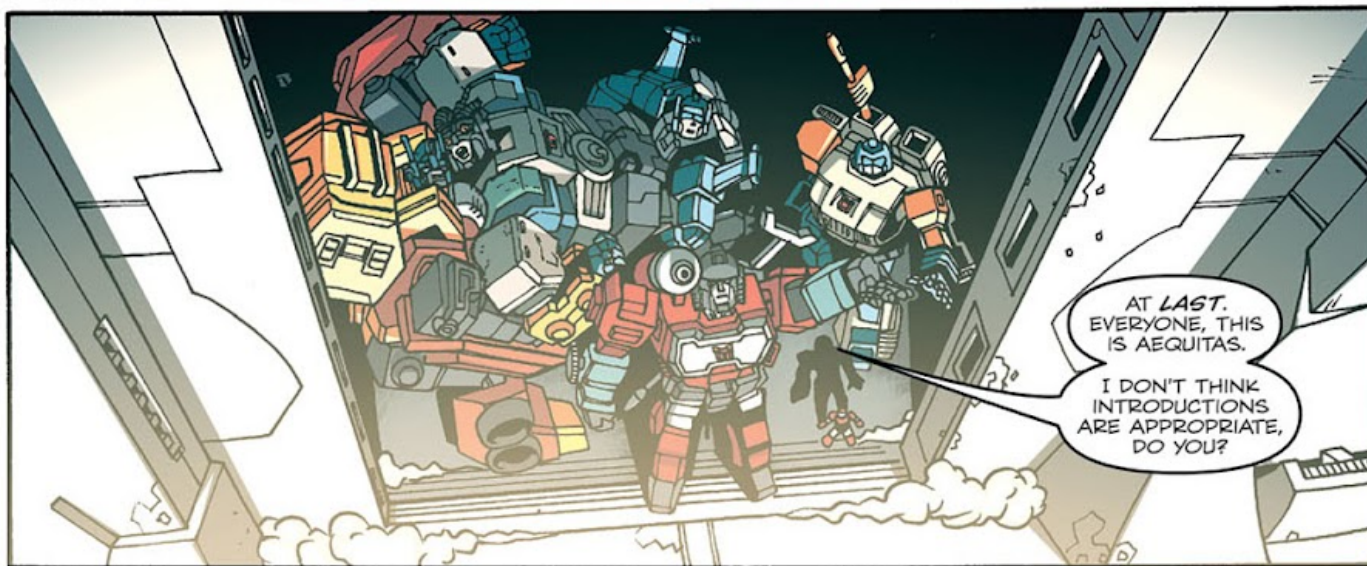
I ONLY JUST MET THE GUY. TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DIDN'T MUCH LIKE HIM. BUT HE WAS A WRECKER.

THE FACT THAT THIS WAS HIS FIRST MISSION MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. I FIGURE HE'D BEEN A WRECKER ALL HIS LIFE—HE JUST DIDN'T REALIZE IT.















# READY, AIM...!

NEXT MONTH:

THE **TRANSFORMERS**

LAST STAND OF THE

# WRECKERS

4







Issue #4  
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# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS







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# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

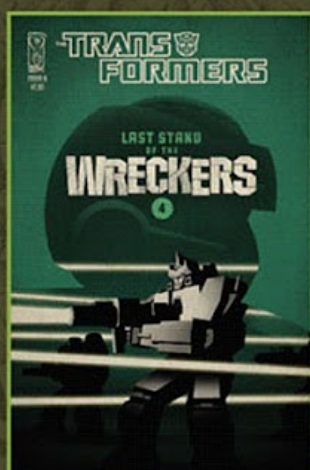
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colors by Josh Burcham



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# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

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KIMIA WEAPONS FACILITY, EIGHT MONTHS AGO.

THANKS FOR  
TAKING MY CALL,  
**IRONFIST**—OR  
SHOULD I CALL YOU  
"**FISITRON**"?

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
YOU'VE READ  
MY WORK,  
SIR.

ALL OF IT. YOUR  
DATALOGS ARE FAST  
BECOMING THE **DEFINITIVE**  
WRECKERS CHRONOLOGY.  
YOU'VE DONE YOUR  
HOMEWORK.

THE WRECKERS  
ARE A **HOBBY** OF  
MINE. I SUPPOSE  
I'M A BIT  
**OBSESSED**.

BUT YOU  
NEVER WANTED  
TO BE A WRECKER  
YOURSELF?

OF COURSE.  
BUT, YOU KNOW,  
THEY SET THE BAR  
PRETTY HIGH.

AND I'M  
SURE THE  
ACCIDENT  
DIDN'T  
HELP...

YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
THAT?

The first rule of being a Wrecker is "stuck" always greater than the sum of its parts separated, finding your teammates main priority. The second rule is "each mission with the

IRONFIST,  
I HAVE A  
**PROPOSITION**  
FOR YOU.

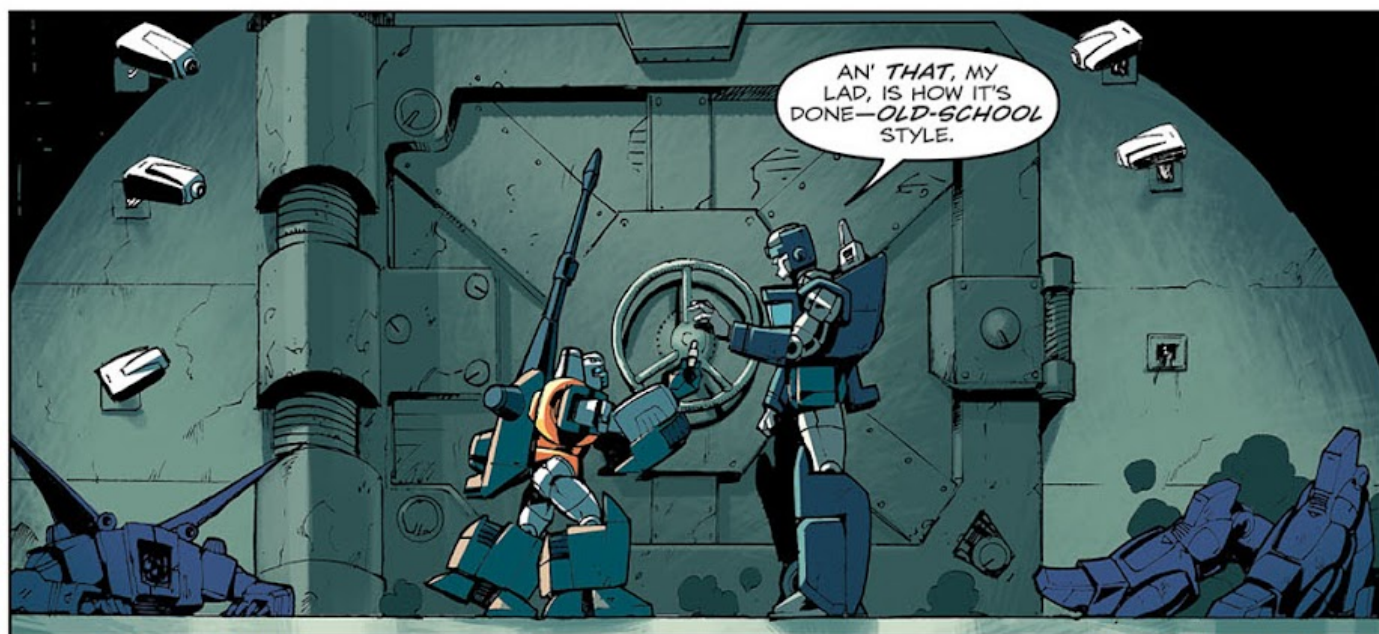
SPRINGER'S  
PUTTING TOGETHER  
A NEW TEAM OF  
WRECKERS, BUT I HAD TO  
**OVERRIDE** ONE OF HIS  
SELECTIONS. THERE'S  
ROOM ON THE BENCH  
FOR ONE MORE—A  
**WEAPONS**  
**EXPERT**.

BUT FIRST I  
HAVE TO ASK  
YOU—JUST HOW  
**BADLY** DO YOU  
WANT THIS?









AN' *THAT*, MY LAD, IS HOW IT'S DONE—*OLD-SCHOOL* STYLE.



WILL HE BE PLEASED TO SEE US?

HELL NO. HE'S NEVER PLEASED TO SEE *ANYONE*.



WHAT THE—?! IT'S *EMPTY*!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR *GRIMLOCK*...



...YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. HE'S LONG GONE.

PLEASE, LOWER THE GUNS. I'M HERE TO TALK—WHICH IS WHY YOU TWO AREN'T SMOULDERING FROM THE NECK UP.



GRIMLOCK... OVERLORD HAD 'IM KILLED?

OVERLORD KEPT HIM *ALIVE*. MADE HIM WATCH FOOTAGE OF G-9 BECOMING ONE VAST *EXIT WOUND*—HE WAS POWERLESS TO INTERVENE.

I THINK IT *DROVE* HIM MAD IN THE END.



WELL, I THINK YOU'RE FULL OF IT—AND SO DOES MY TRIGGER FINGER!

*WAIT!* IF I'M STILL ALIVE BY THE END OF THIS SENTENCE, YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME...

...DEAL?



MEANWHILE, A FEW FLOORS AWAY...

SO AEQUITAS IS...  
WHAT, EXACTLY? A  
PARTICLE ACCELERATOR?  
A SPACE BRIDGE?

A  
SUPERCOMPUTER.

SO IT'S  
NOT ALIVE,  
THEN? WE'RE  
NOT HERE TO  
RESCUE IT?

NO. WE'RE  
HERE TO  
DOWNLOAD THE  
CONTENTS OF ITS  
HARD DRIVE.

WELL, UNLESS IT  
CONTAINS A FULLY  
SEQUENCED CYBER-GENOME,  
OR THE UNCENSORED  
VERSION OF THE AUTOBOT  
CODE, OR—LET'S THINK  
THE UNTHINKABLE—A  
ROADMAP TO  
PEACE...

...I'D  
RESPECTFULLY  
SUGGEST THAT  
HIGH COMMAND  
HAVE SENT US ON  
A FOOL'S  
ERRAND!











THE SPARK EXTRACTION CHAMBER.



UH...  
WHU... AM I  
DEAD?



YOU  
WISH.

YOU WENT  
OFFLINE. YOU  
AND TWIN TWIST.  
HE'S STILL OUT  
COLD.

WHERE'S  
STALKER?



OUR HOST  
WENT TO FIND  
SOMETHING CALLED  
AN *ENDOSCOPIC*  
CLAW. SOUNDS  
FUN, RIGHT?

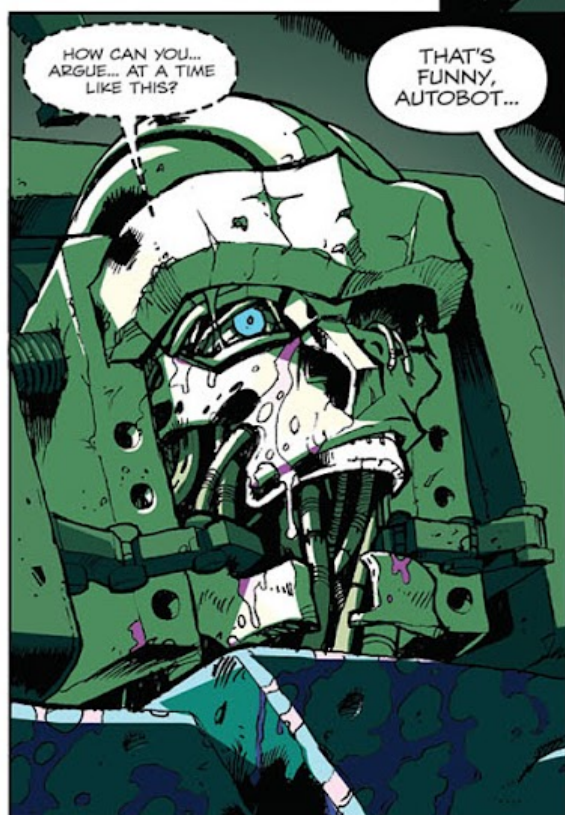
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
STAYED ONLINE...  
YOU IMPERVIOUS TO  
TORTURE OR  
SOMETHING?

NO.  
I JUST  
GOT USED  
TO IT.

LOOK, FOR  
WHAT'S IT'S  
WORTH, I THOUGHT  
THEY'D SEND YOU TO  
THE *REHAB*  
*INSTITUTE*. OR ONE  
OF THE *OPEN*  
*PRISONS*...









## THE AEQUITAS CHAMBER.

EVERY ACTION  
HAS AN EQUAL  
AND OPPOSITE  
REACTION, AND THE  
WRECKERS ARE NO  
EXCEPTION.

SQUADRON X  
WERE THE WRECKERS  
*GONE WRONG*, A  
GANG OF DECEPTICON  
BRUTALISTS WHO LEFT A  
TRAIL OF ATROCITIES IN  
THEIR WAKE. IMPACTOR  
WAS *OBSESSED*  
WITH TRACKING  
THEM DOWN.



"IT ALL CAME TO A HEAD  
ON THE PLANET *POVA*, IN  
THE REDAN QUADRANT."







"WHILE **BROADSIDE**, **SANDSTORM**, AND **WHIRL** FOUGHT IN THE SKY, THE OTHER **WRECKERS** WERE PINNED DOWN IN THE TRENCHES.



"A CLUSTER BOMB HAD LEFT **SPRINGER** TRAPPED BETWEEN A **COLLAPSING BARRICADE**. **SQUADRON X** WERE MOVING IN FOR A DOUBLE KILL, KNOWING **IMPACTOR** WOULDN'T ABANDON HIS FIRST OFFICER. **SPRINGER** HAD OTHER IDEAS...

JUST GO! WITH ME IN YOUR WAY YOU CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT—YOU CAN'T FIGHT BACK!

NOT YOUR FAULT, KID. I'M THE ONE WHO GOT US INTO THIS MESS.



"...AND MADE A RATHER **UNCONVENTIONAL** PROPOSAL.

BLAST A HOLE THROUGH MY **MIDSECTION**! IT'LL GIVE YOU THE SCOPE YOU NEED TO FIRE AT THEM!

I'VE HEARD SOME CRAZY THINGS IN MY TIME, BUT—

I'M **SERIOUS**! I'LL ENGAGE MY **CIRCUIT DAMPENERS**! I WON'T FEEL A THING!



"SO **IMPACTOR** **RELUCTANTLY** DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

WRECK AND RULE!



"NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

"**IMPACTOR**'S ACT OF RETALIATION WON THEM A FEW EXTRA SECONDS. AND WHEN **ROADBUSTER** AND **RACK 'N' RUIN** APPEARED, THE TIDE TURNED DECISIVELY IN THE **WRECKERS**' FAVOR."







"THE STORY OF THE WRECKERS AND SQUADRON X WAS NEVER GOING TO END IN HANDCUFFS AND A CUSTODIAL SENTENCE. NO, THIS PARTICULAR SCORE COULD ONLY EVER BE SETTLED BY *DIRECT CONFRONTATION*."

"THIS WAS ALWAYS ABOUT OPPOSITE FORCES, ABOUT *DARKNESS* AND *LIGHT*."

"AND WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE..."

"...GOOD WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER EVIL."







THAT STORY  
EPITOMIZES EVERYTHING  
I ADMIRE—EVERYTHING I  
LOVE—ABOUT THE  
WRECKERS.

ALL OF YOU.  
OVER HERE.  
NOW...



...WE HAVE A  
PROBLEM.

WHAT, IS  
AEQUITAS  
PASSWORD-  
PROTECTED OR  
SOMETHING?



ESSENTIALLY,  
YES. AND WITHOUT G-9'S  
COMMAND CREW, THE  
ONLY WAY TO ACTIVATE  
IT IS BY *SPARK*  
DONATION.

MEANING?



MEANING  
SOMEONE HAS  
TO DIE TO SWITCH  
IT ON.

FINE, SO WE  
FORCE-FEED IT A  
DECEPTICON.



NO. AEQUITAS IS FITTED WITH AN  
ANTI-COERCION DEVICE—A *SUICIDE*  
LOCK. SOMEONE HAS TO OFFER UP  
THEIR SPARK *WILLINGLY*. NOT ME,  
SADLY—ONLY I CAN OPERATE  
AEQUITAS ITSELF.

AND WE  
CAN'T ASK TOPSPIN.  
NO POINT IN *TWO*  
PEOPLE DYING  
NEEDLESSLY.

WHICH  
JUST LEAVES  
YOU, PYRO,  
AND...

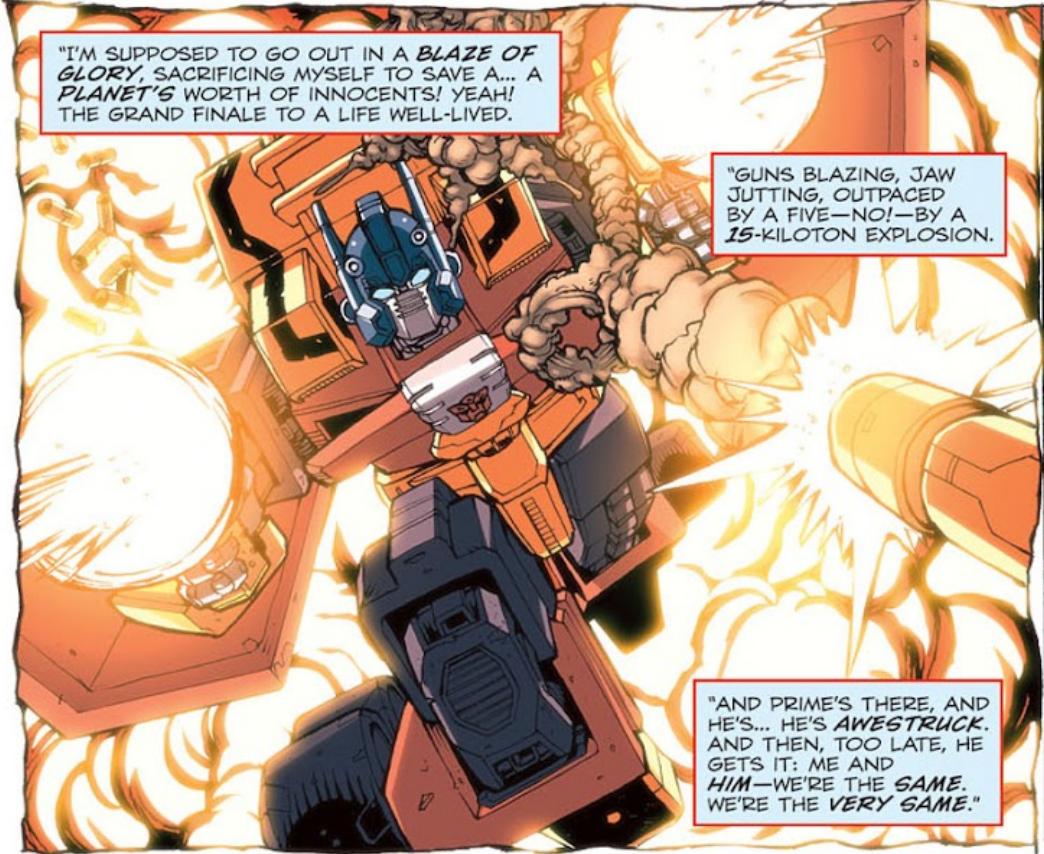
ME.



IT WAS NEVER GONNA BE  
*PERCEPTOR*, WAS IT? OR  
*SPRINGER* OR *IMPACTOR*  
OR *KUP*, IF THEY WERE  
HERE. NO, IT WAS ALWAYS  
GOING TO BE ONE OF  
US—THE *SECOND*  
*STRINGERS*.

YEAH, JUST  
BECAUSE WE'RE  
NOT FAMOUS—NOT  
*ARK-WORTHY*—ONE OF  
US HAS TO BITE THE  
BULLET... WELL, I'M SORRY,  
BUT THIS *ISN'T* HOW I'M  
SUPPOSED TO DIE!






"I'M SUPPOSED TO GO OUT IN A **BLAZE OF GLORY**, SACRIFICING MYSELF TO SAVE A... A **PLANET'S** WORTH OF INNOCENTS! YEAH! THE GRAND FINALE TO A LIFE WELL-LIVED.

"GUNS BLAZING, JAW JUTTING, OUTPACED BY A FIVE—NO!—BY A **15-KILOTON EXPLOSION**."

"AND PRIME'S THERE, AND HE'S... HE'S **AWESTRUCK**. AND THEN, TOO LATE, HE GETS IT: ME AND **HIM**—WE'RE THE **SAME**. WE'RE THE **VERY SAME**."



...NO MORE... PLEASE... NO MORE...



IT'S JUST... WHEN **PRIME** RISKS HIS LIFE IT'S TO CLOSE A **SPACE-TIME RIFT**, OR TO PREVENT THE **BLACK EPOCH**, OR TO KEEP THE **DEAD UNIVERSE** AT BAY.


BUT **ME**... I'M SUPPOSED TO DIE **SWITCHING ON A COMPUTER**? I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE UP MY **SPARK** FOR **THAT**?

NO WAY. SORRY, **IRONFIST**, BUT I WON'T DO IT—BECAUSE THAT'S NOT HOW **WRECKERS** SHOULD DIE.



HEY, HE'S A **WRECKER**, TOO!


IN **THEORY** MAYBE, BUT NOT IN **PRACTICE**. HE'S SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE IN A **WORKSHOP**—I'VE DONE **GREAT THINGS**!



YOU'RE NO **PRIME**. HELL, YOU'RE BARELY AN **AUTOBOT**. **HE** IS, EVEN IF HE'S NOT LIVED THE LIFE YOU HAVE.



"**HE**" HAS A **NAME**! AND A **VOICE** OF HIS OWN!



THEN **USE IT**, **IRONFIST**! **SPEAK**! TAKE THE STAND! WHATEVER IT IS YOU WANT TO SAY, THIS COULD BE YOUR **LAST CHANCE** TO SAY IT!





EXTRACT FROM "FISITRON'S"  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY (UNPUBLISHED):

I'M A 12TH-GENERATION,  
PRE-WAR AUTOBOT,  
CONSTRUCTED COLD IN 5TH  
CYCLE 522. I HAVE A PHOBIA  
OF RUST. I SAW MY FIRST  
DECEPTICON BADGE THREE  
DAYS BEFORE ZETA PRIME  
WAS ASSASSINATED.

I FOUGHT MY FIRST  
CAMPAIGN IN THE  
MANGANESE MOUNTAINS,  
WHERE I SPOKE TO OPTIMUS  
PRIME FOR THE FIRST AND  
LAST TIME. HE MISTOOK  
ME FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

I TOOK MY FIRST LIFE  
BEFORE THE WAR BROKE OUT  
AND MY SECOND THE DAY  
MEGATRON SWITCHED ON THE  
NIGHTMARE ENGINE.

AND I'M PERSONALLY  
RESPONSIBLE FOR THOUSANDS  
MORE DEATHS BECAUSE OF  
THE WEAPONS I'VE CREATED,  
WEAPONS LIKE LIQUID  
SHRAPNEL AND GIDEON'S  
GLUE AND COLD PHOSPHEX...

OVER THE YEARS MY 11 CLOSEST  
FRIENDS HAVE BEEN KILLED—AND  
WITH EACH DEATH THE PAIN HAS  
TAKEN A LITTLE LESS TIME TO  
FADE, AND I HATE THE  
DECEPTICONS MORE FOR THAT  
THAN FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

AND I WOULD DO  
ANYTHING—ANYTHING—TO  
LIVE MY LIFE AGAIN.

...NO. IT'S  
NOTHING.  
PYRO'S  
RIGHT.

I'M READY.  
I DIDN'T  
THINK I WAS,  
BUT I AM.

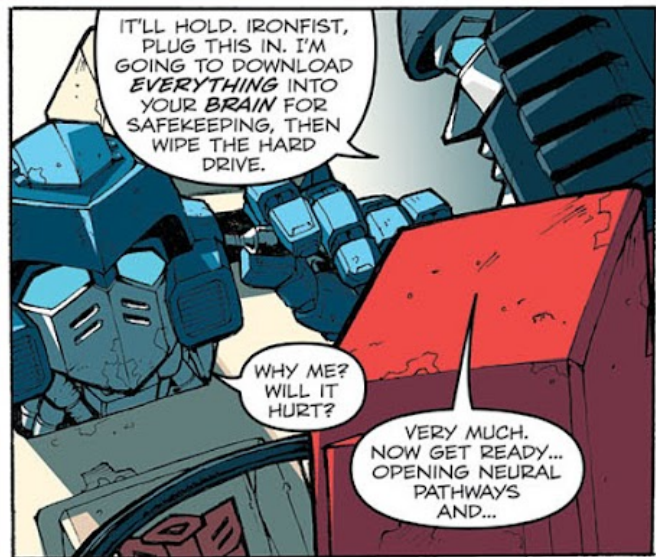
THANK  
YOU, BUT I'M  
DONE.

ENOUGH IS  
ENOUGH.

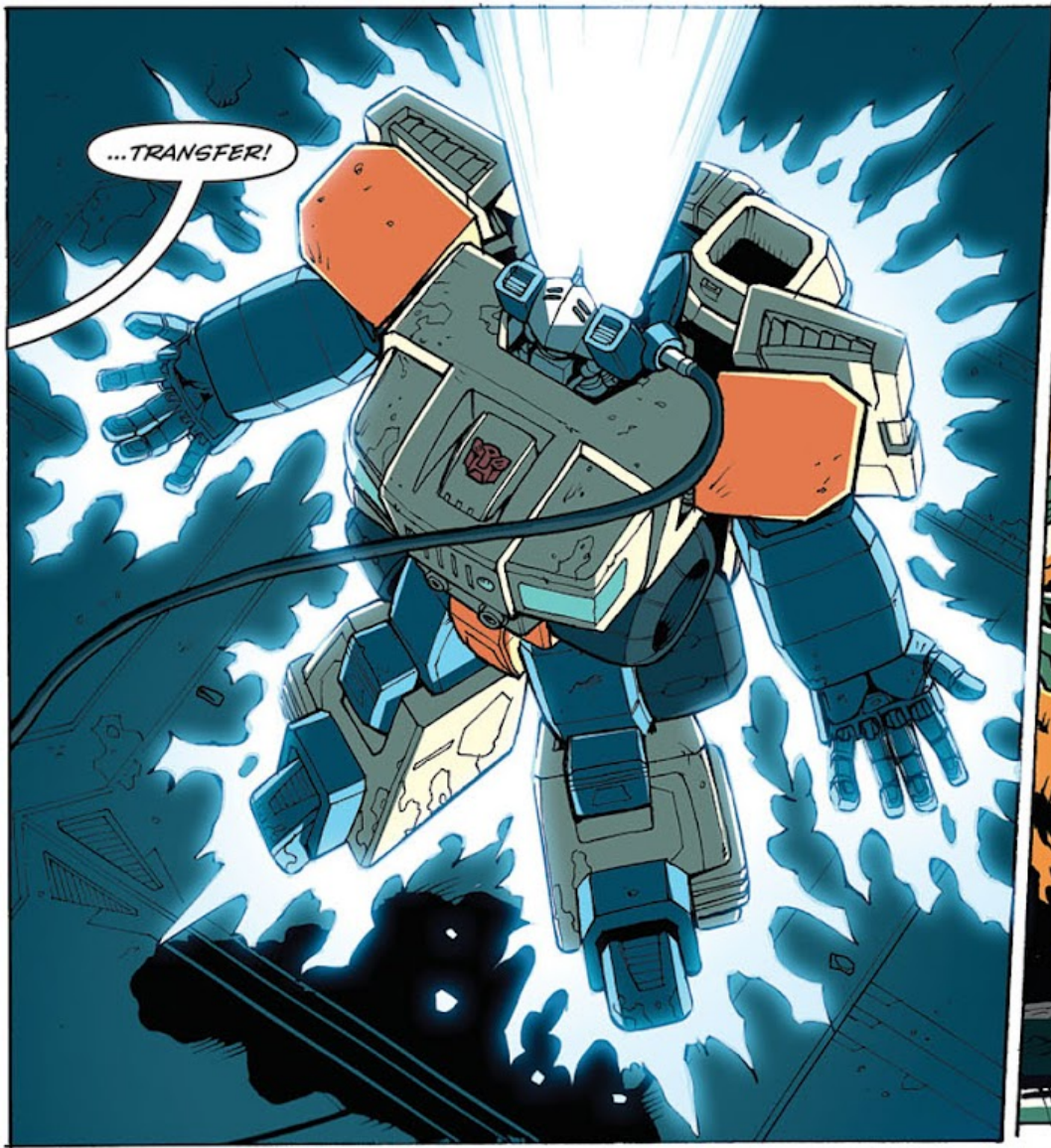












...TRANSFER!



I WAS  
GONNA SAVE  
YOU 'TIL LAST,  
BUT I JUST  
CAN'T SEEM  
TO HELP  
MYSELF...



I TAKE IT  
ALL BACK,  
SNARE...

KUH!



...LOOKS  
LIKE YOU WERE  
RIGHT ON THE  
MONEY!





TRAITOR!



ARRGH!



TRAITOR!  
TRAITOR!  
TRAITOR!

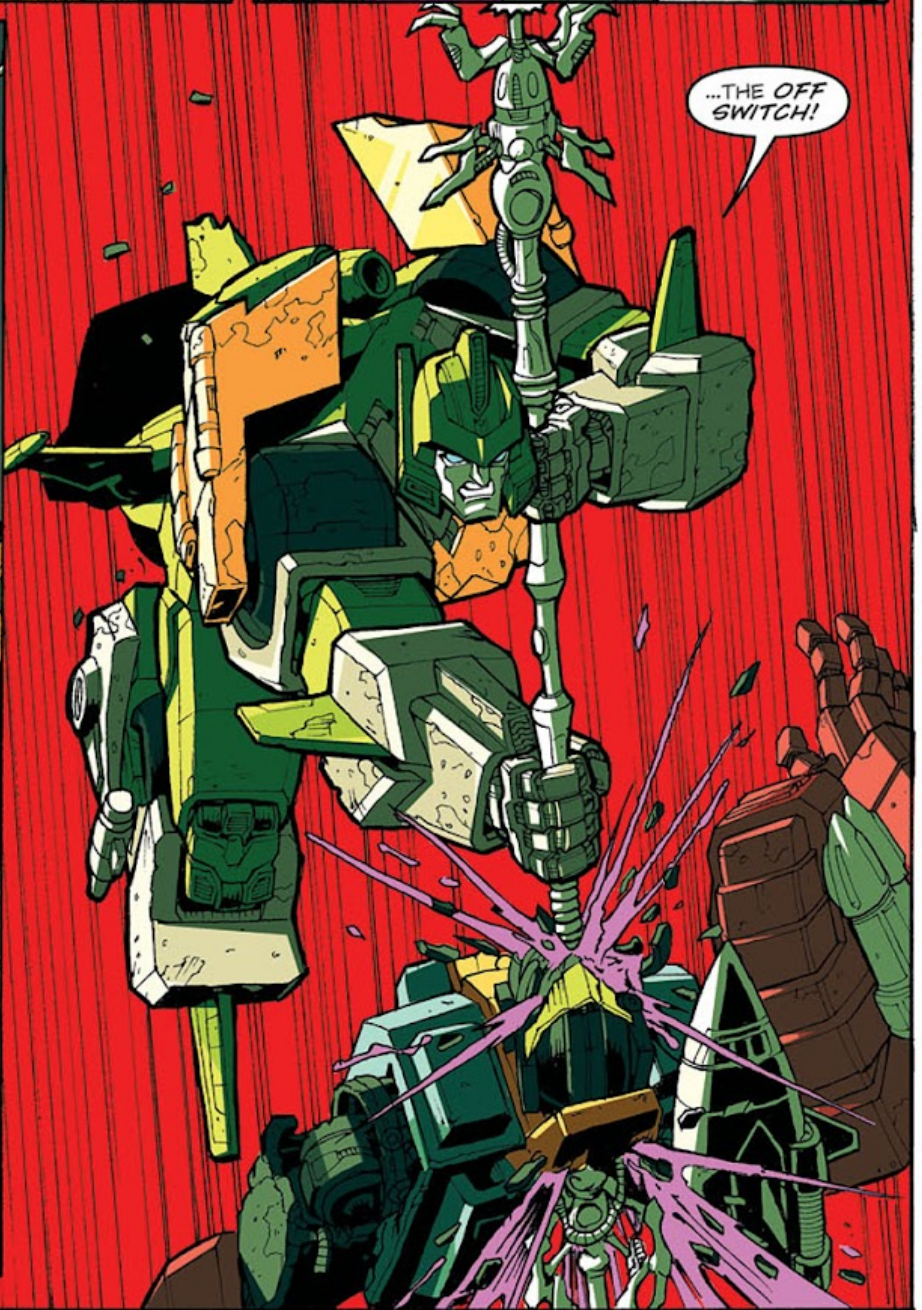
SPRINGER,  
YER SPRUNG.  
TAKE THAT 'CON  
OFF RANT MODE,  
WILL YA?



MY  
PLEASURE.



AND I KNOW  
JUST WHERE  
TO FIND...



...THE OFF  
SWITCH!





YOU SACRIFICED YOURSELF TO SAVE US. WHY?

OVERLORD...

"PLAY... MAKES YOU FREE," HE... SAID TO US AT THE BEGINNING... TURNS OUT WE WERE ALL... PLAYING HIS GAME...



...WAS THE... PIT FIGHTS THAT DID IT... IN THE END.

AFTER 12 WINS, OVERLORD... GAVE FIGHTERS A "CHOICE," FIGHT HIM... OR COMMIT SUICIDE. YOU TELL ME...

...WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?



G-9, THIS WHOLE HORROR SHOW... IT'S OVERLORD'S ATTEMPT... TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION: WHAT DOES IT TAKE... TO GET MEGATRON TO INTERVENE?

MEGATRON?

THE FIGHT OVERLORD'S... ALWAYS WANTED... BUT ONLY ON... HIS OWN TERMS...



CHANGE OF PLAN, IMPACTOR. WE'RE GOING AFTER OVERLORD.

DON'T... BOTHER. HE'S HEADING... THIS WAY. STALKER... RADIOED FOR HELP... BEFORE YOU SPIKED HIM.



WE'LL MOVE YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.

NO TIME. JUST... JUST KILL ME. QUICKLY, BEFORE... HE GETS HERE. PLEASE. AT LEAST... I KNOW... THAT MY DEATH HAS—



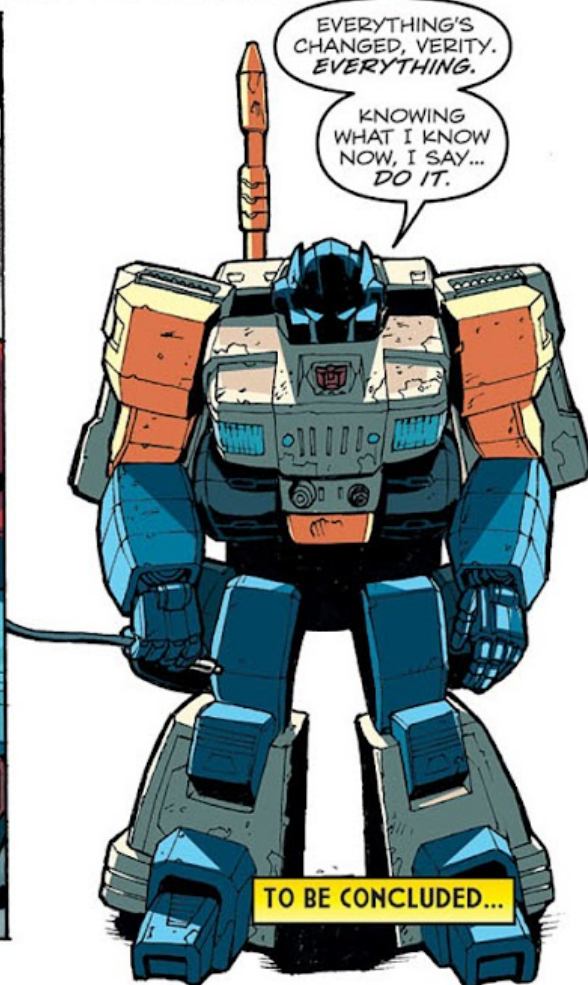
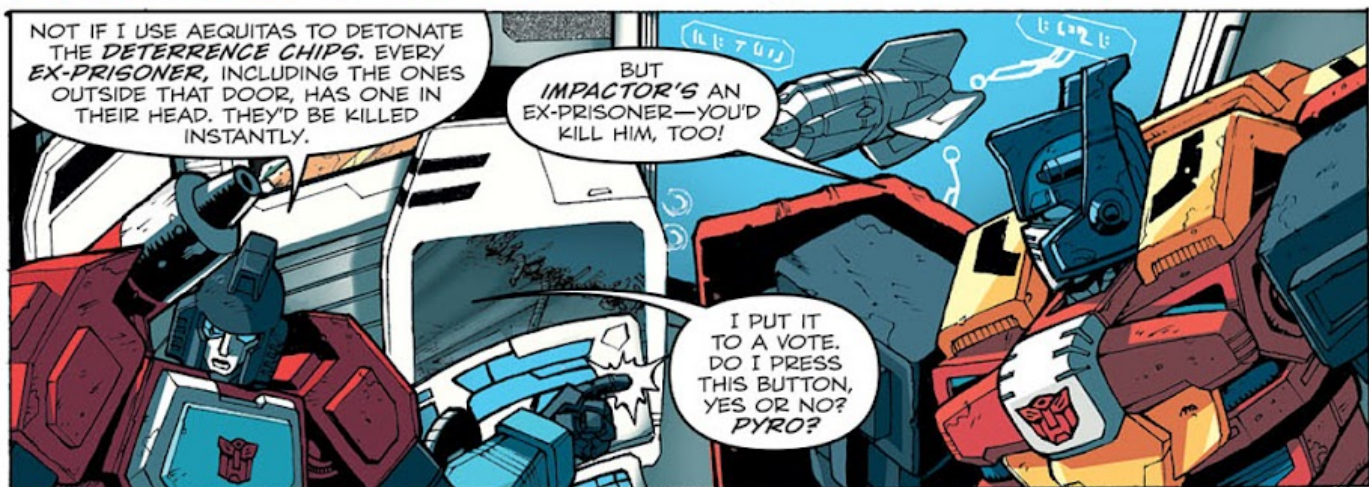
OKAY.

FZZT











# THE TRANSFORMERS

LAST STAND OF THE

# WRECKERS







# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

Issue #5

COVER A

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COVER B  
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# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS



LAST STAND  
OF THE  
**WRECKERS**

5

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COVER RI  
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# THE TRANSFORMERS

## LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS

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### THE STORY SO FAR...

The Autobot high-security prison Garrus-9 has fallen to the rogue Decepticon Overlord, and the Wreckers were sent on a mission to clean up the mess. En route, they came across their ex-leader, Impactor, an inmate of G-9 who escaped after the takeover. Separated upon arrival and vastly outnumbered, the Wreckers now find themselves in real trouble: Springer's team must confront Overlord while Perceptor's team must make an unthinkable decision if they all are to make it out alive.

The events in this issue take place during the events of TRANSFORMERS #1-3



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To discuss this issue of *Transformers*, join the IDW Insiders, or to check out exclusive Web offers, check out our site: [www.IDWPUBLISHING.COM](http://www.IDWPUBLISHING.COM)

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GARRUS-9. NOW.

HKK!

EXTRACTS FROM "WRECKERS:  
DECLASSIFIED," DATALOG  
332 BY FISITRON.

THIS IS THE STORY  
OF THE WRECKERS'  
LAST STAND.

THE STORY OF TEN  
SOLDIERS AND A  
STOWAWAY WHO  
RODE INTO THE  
VALLEY OF DEATH.

CANNON TO RIGHT OF THEM,  
CANNON TO LEFT OF THEM,  
CANNON IN FRONT OF THEM,  
VOLLEY'D AND THUNDER'D.

IT'S A STORY OF SACRIFICE  
AND BETRAYAL, AND OF GOOD  
PEOPLE DYING IN STUPID,  
POINTLESS WAYS.



IT'S THE STORY OF THE  
DECEPTICON WHO CHOSE  
OPTION 2, AND PAID FOR  
IT WITH HIS SANITY...



OH, DON'T  
LOOK SO  
SURPRISED.  
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT  
THIS STUNTED  
LITTLE WRETCH  
TO SURVIVE,  
DID YOU?

YOU'RE A  
MANIAC!

AND YOU  
WRECKERS ARE  
LITTLE MORE THAN A  
DISTRACTION.

AT BEST, YOU'RE A  
STARTER BEFORE THE  
MAIN COURSE.



KISH



HT



YOU  
TALK TOO  
MUCH.

...AND OF THE AUTOBOT  
WHO WENT TOO FAR.



COME  
HERE  
AND  
SAY THAT.



**THE AEQUITAS CHAMBER.**

IT'S THE STORY OF A WOMAN SO TERRIFIED OF BEING ABANDONED THAT SHE RISKED HER LIFE TO AVOID IT...

PERCEPTOR, STOP! IF YOU PRESS THAT BUTTON, YOU WON'T JUST BE KILLING IMPACTOR, YOU'LL BE KILLING THE WRECKERS, TOO!

NOT TRUE. THE REST OF US DON'T HAVE DETERRENCE CHIPS IN OUR HEADS.

I'M SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY.

IF I DON'T PRESS THIS BUTTON, THE DECEPTICONS OUTSIDE THAT DOOR WILL BREAK IN AND MURDER US... LITERALLY.

IRONFIST! YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE WHAT THE WRECKERS ARE REALLY ABOUT!

THEY GIVE THE OTHER AUTOBOTS SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN!

AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU. WITHOUT FISITRON AND HIS DATALOGS, THE WRECKERS WOULD BE NOTHING MORE THAN A BUNCH OF THUGS WITH A DEATH WISH.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IMPACTOR DID.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HE DID! WHAT MATTERS IS THAT THE WRECKERS—FISITRON'S WRECKERS, YOUR WRECKERS—WOULD NEVER KILL ONE OF THEIR OWN JUST TO EVEN THE ODDS!

YOU'RE RIGHT.

WE DO THIS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY: WE FIGHT.

NO. WE RUN.

...AND OF A SECOND-STRINGER WHO SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE PLANNING THE PERFECT DEATH...

WELL, YOU RUN. I'LL STAY HERE, DRAW THEIR FIRE... KEEP 'EM BUSY.





...ONLY TO ABANDON HIS PLANS IN FAVOR OF SIMPLY DOING WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

IT'S NOT EXACTLY PRIME'S FIVEFOLD MANEUVER, IS IT? MORE TO THE POINT, YOU'LL BE SLAUGHTERED.

YEAH. WELL, SOMETIMES YOU JUST GOTTA DO THE DECENT THING, Y'KNOW?



ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT 15-KILOTON EXPLOSIONS?

I FIGURE THAT DYING TO SAVE PEOPLE YOU CARE ABOUT IS THE MOST THAT ANYONE CAN DO.

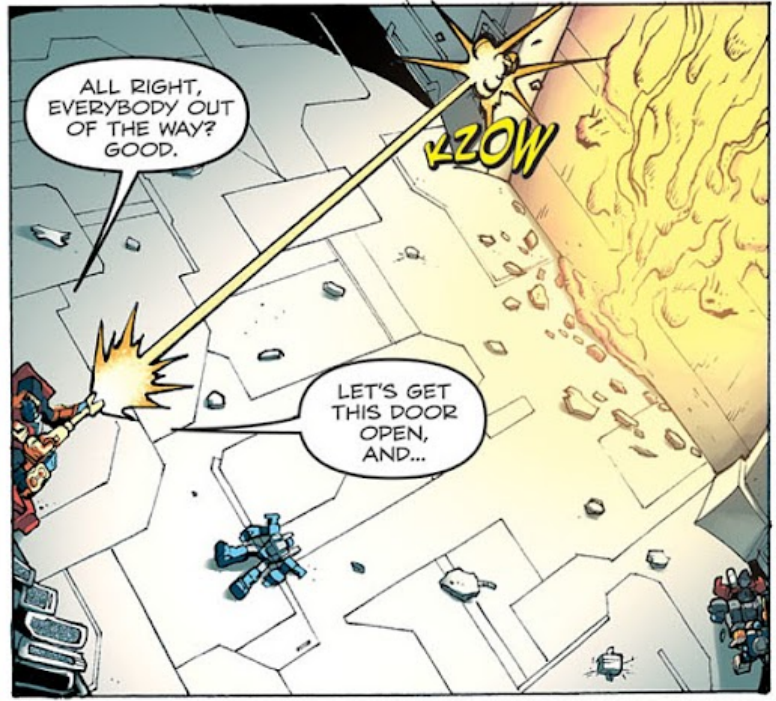
I THINK YOU HAVE YOUR MOTTO.

NO... MY LAST WORDS.



OH, AND VERITY? I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY. I REALIZE NOW THAT EVEN PRIME GETS IT WRONG...

...YOU HUMANS DON'T NEED US TO LOOK AFTER YOU. IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND.



ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY OUT OF THE WAY? GOOD.

ZZOW

LET'S GET THIS DOOR OPEN, AND...



...RIGHT.

OKAY THEN. HERE GOES...





PYRO...

OH, PYRO...

DON'T LOOK, VERITY.



THE *SPYCAM* FOOTAGE\* SHOWED THE OTHERS IN THE SPARK EXTRACTION CHAMBER... THIS WAY.

WE NEED TO STOP OFF AT THE MUNITIONS STORE ON THE WAY—I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

IRONFIST? HOW... HOW LONG D'YOU THINK PYRO CAN HOLD THEM OFF?

\*LAST ISSUE.



"OH, I'M SURE HE'LL PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT."



AND AT THE HEART OF THIS STORY IS SOMEONE WHO WAS LIED TO. SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T SPEAK UP. SOMEONE WHO RENEGED ON A DEAL.

BACK THERE, WHEN I SAID IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT IMPACTOR DID? I WAS LYING. SPILL THE BEANS.

IN A WORD? POVA.

REMEMBER THE STORY I TOLD YOU, ABOUT THE WRECKERS AND SQUADRON X? I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED...



## THE PAST...

"...TURNS OUT I WAS WRONG."

DON'T GO!  
THEY'LL BE  
ON TOP OF US IN  
SECONDS! I NEED  
YOU HERE!

QUIT  
WHINING, KID.  
I'M NOT THE ONE  
WHO GOT US INTO  
THIS MESS.

YOU THINK I  
WANTED TO GET  
TRAPPED?!

LISTEN. I'M  
GONNA SUGGEST  
SOMETHING A LITTLE...  
UNCONVENTIONAL.

I'M GOING  
TO SHOOT YOU.  
NOTHIN' FANCY.  
JUST A FEW ROUNDS  
THROUGH YOUR  
MIDSECTION.  
TRUST ME...

"...IT'S THE ONLY WAY I  
CAN GET A CLEAR  
SHOT AT SQUADRON X."

YOU WHAT?!  
I'VE HEARD SOME  
CRAZY THINGS  
IN MY TIME,  
BUT—

I'M SERIOUS.  
JUST ENGAGE YOUR  
CIRCUIT DAMPENERS.  
YOU WON'T FEEL A  
THING!

WHAT  
CIRCUIT DAMPENERS?!  
I DON'T HAVE  
ANY CIRCUIT  
DAMPENERS!

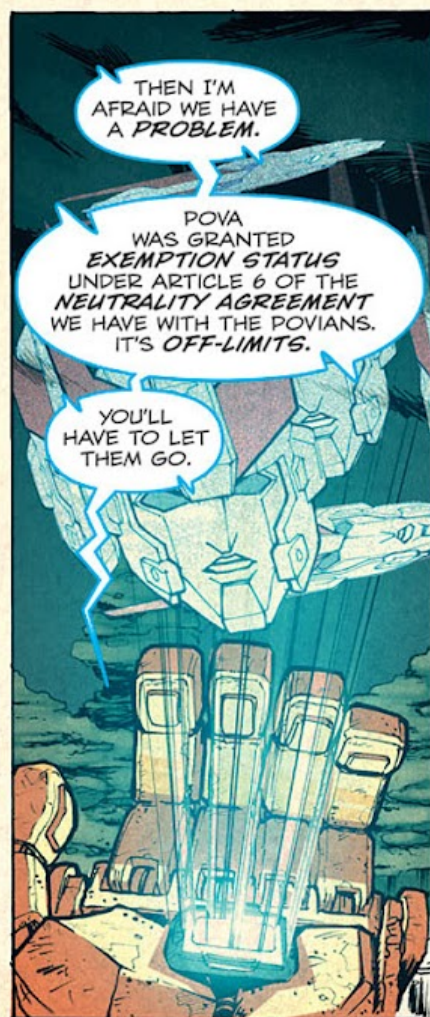
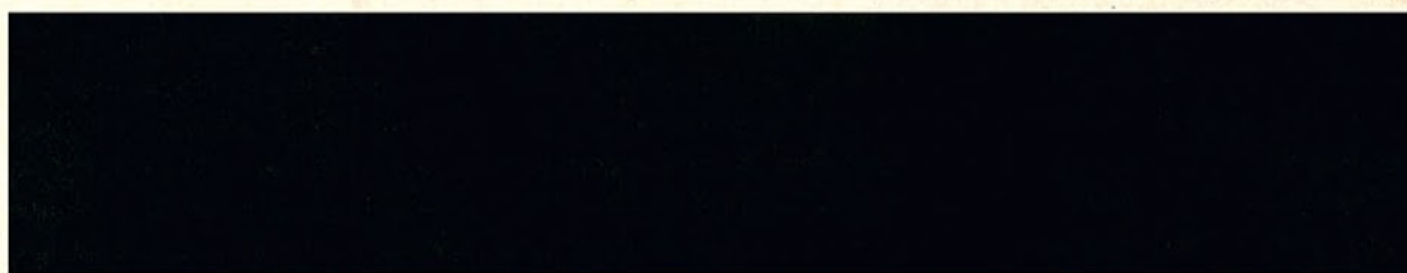
I'M SORRY, BUT  
THIS JUST MIGHT  
SAVE BOTH OUR LIVES.  
COME ON, KID, WORK  
WITH ME! SAY THE  
WORDS!

NO!

WRECK  
AND...

IMPACTOR,  
PLEASE, NO!





















GARRUS-9

AND SO THE **ENDGAME** WAS PLAYED OUT UNDER A HEARTLESS SKY, WITH THE MIGHTY WRECKERS FALLING ONE BY ONE.

MAYBE SOME OF THEM **WELCOMED** IT.



YOU THINK THIS IS **IT**, OVERLORD? YOU THINK YOU'VE **WON**?

MY WRECKERS ARE THE **BEST**. THEY'LL HAVE FREED THE AUTOBOT PRISONERS BY NOW... AND ALL OF THEM WILL BE **HEADING THIS WAY**, READY TO FEED YOU YOUR FUSELAGE.

I DOUBT THAT **VERY** MUCH. YOU SEE, SHORTLY AFTER I HEARD YOU WRECKERS WERE ON MY **PATCH**, I GAVE A SIMPLE **ORDER**:



"KILL.



"EVERY.



"PRISONER."









CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CH



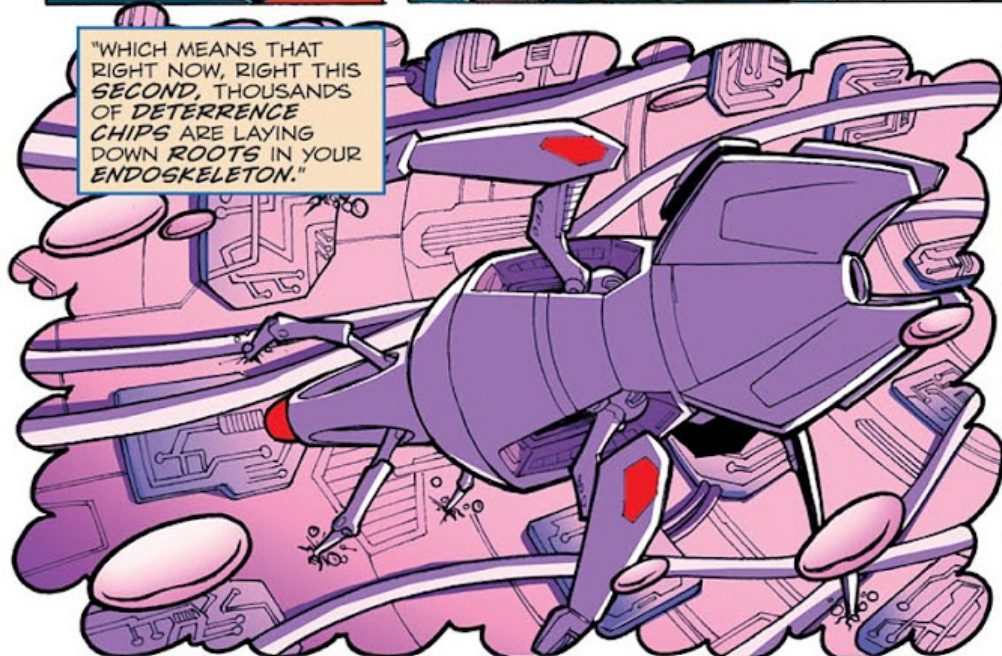
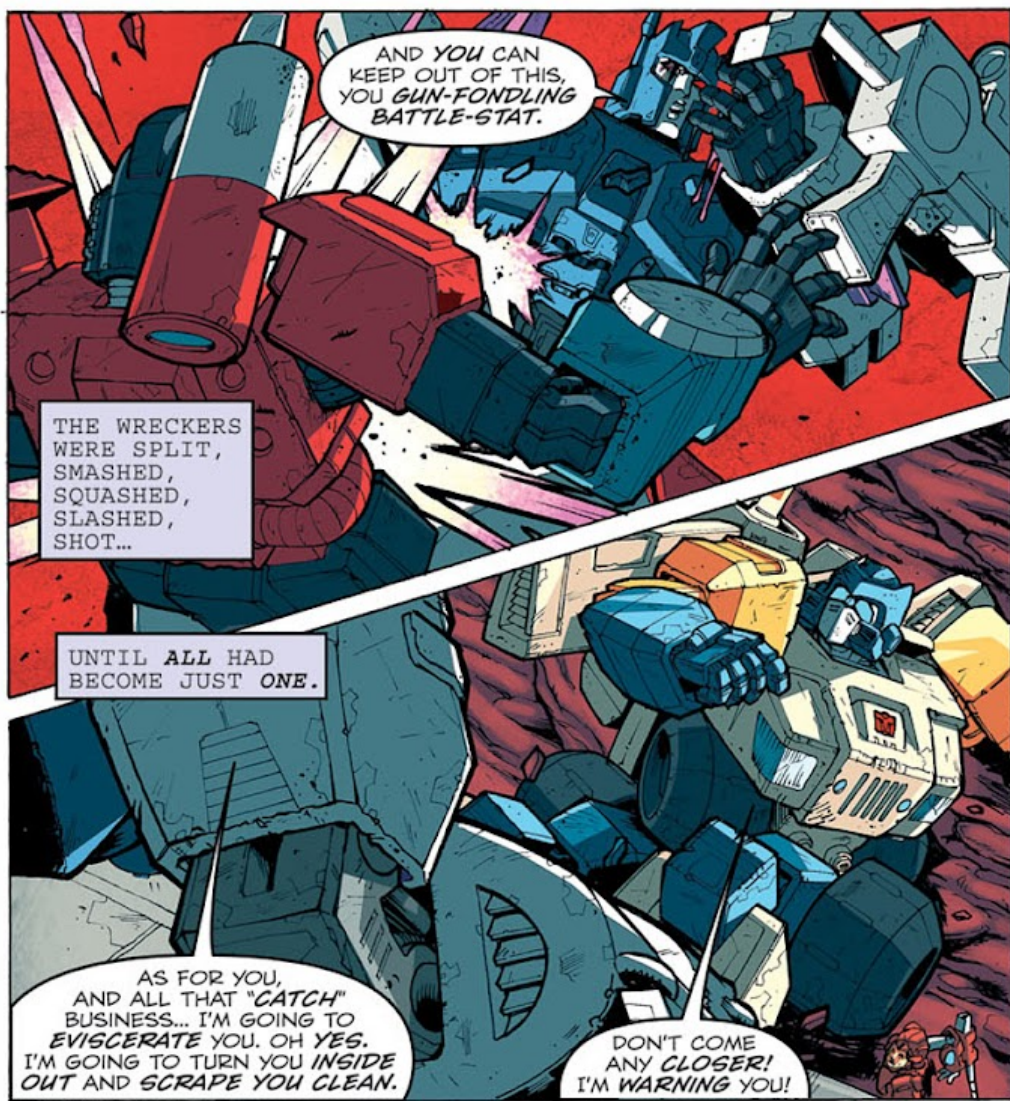
CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA



CHKKA-CHKKA-CHKKA-KLIK









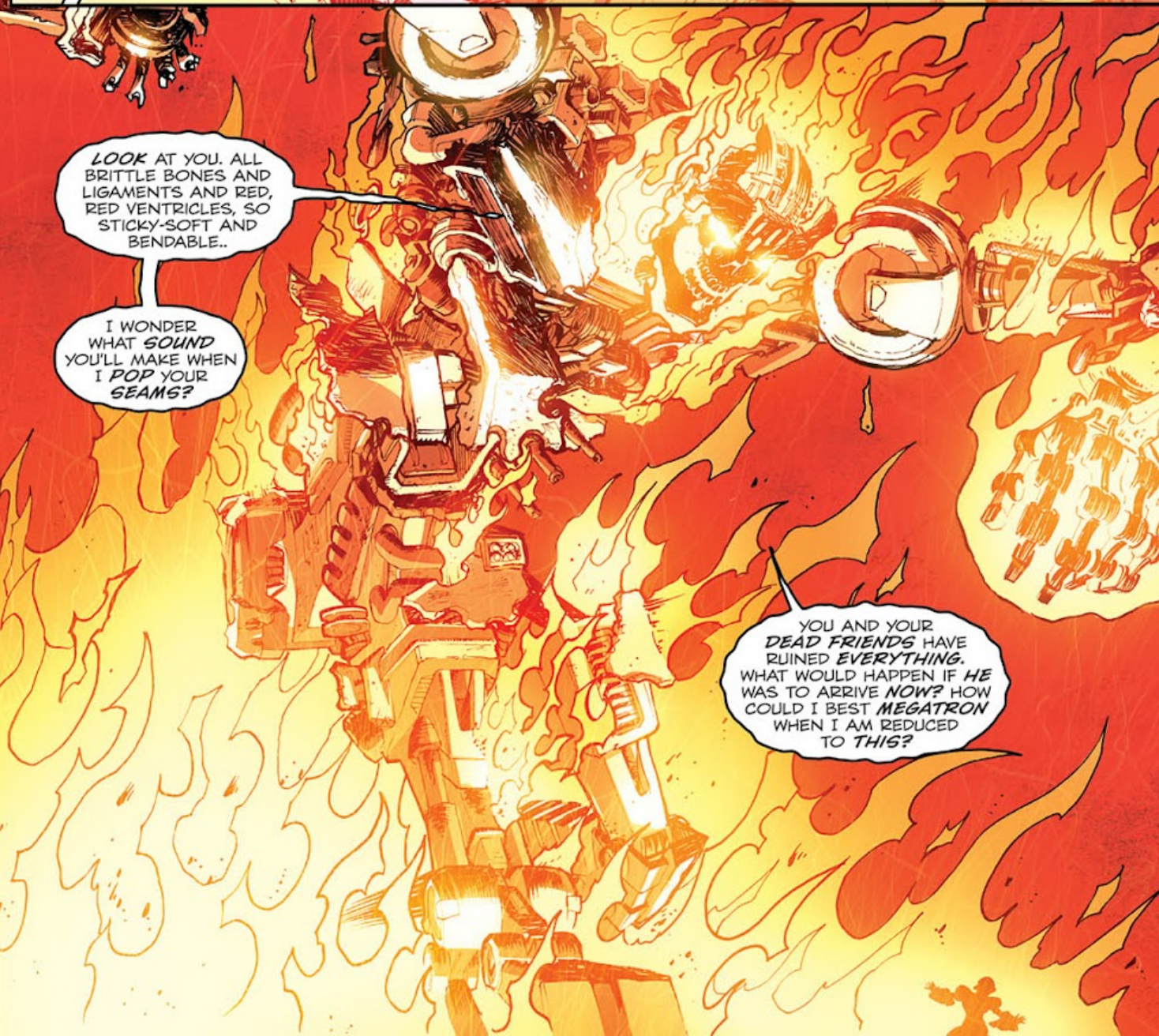
WRONG. I'VE  
GOT THE WHOLE OF  
AEQUITAS IN MY HEAD,  
INCLUDING THE **TRIGGER  
CODES**. AND NOW I'VE  
WORKED OUT HOW TO  
**HONE THE SIGNAL**  
AND LOCK ON TO A  
**SPECIFIC  
TARGET.**

ALL I NEED  
TO DO IS GIVE  
THE **NOD**  
AND...

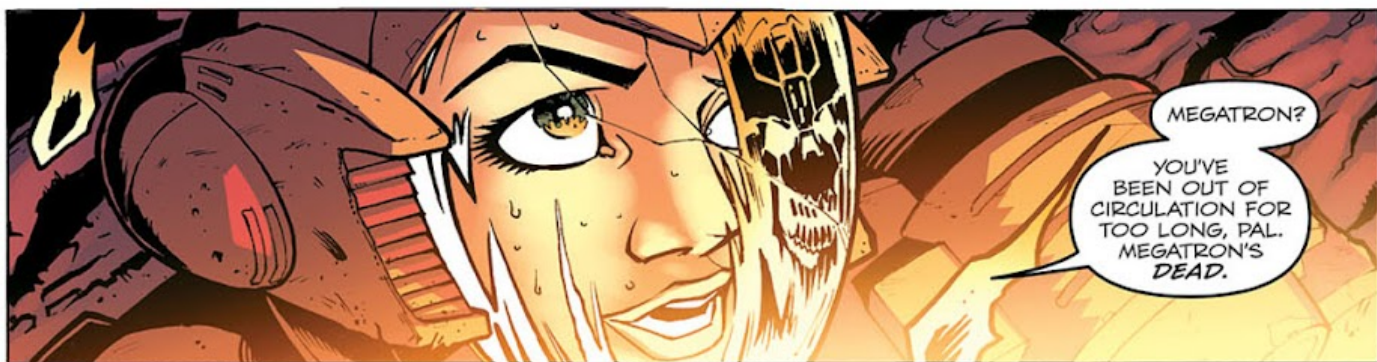
# KITCHA-KOOOM

...BANG.









MEGATRON?

YOU'VE  
BEEN OUT OF  
CIRCULATION FOR  
TOO LONG, PAL.  
MEGATRON'S  
DEAD.



NO...  
YOU'RE  
LYING!

UH-UH.  
MAYBE IF  
YOU GOT OUT  
MORE YOU'D HAVE  
HEARD THE NEWS:  
SOMEONE  
BEAT YOU  
TO IT!

OH,  
MAN, THIS IS  
PERFECT! YOU  
CAN'T ACCEPT THAT  
HE NEVER GAVE CHASE!  
YOU LIVED YOUR LIFE  
THINKING ABOUT HIM  
EVERY DAY, AND HE  
DIED FORGETTING  
ALL ABOUT YOU!



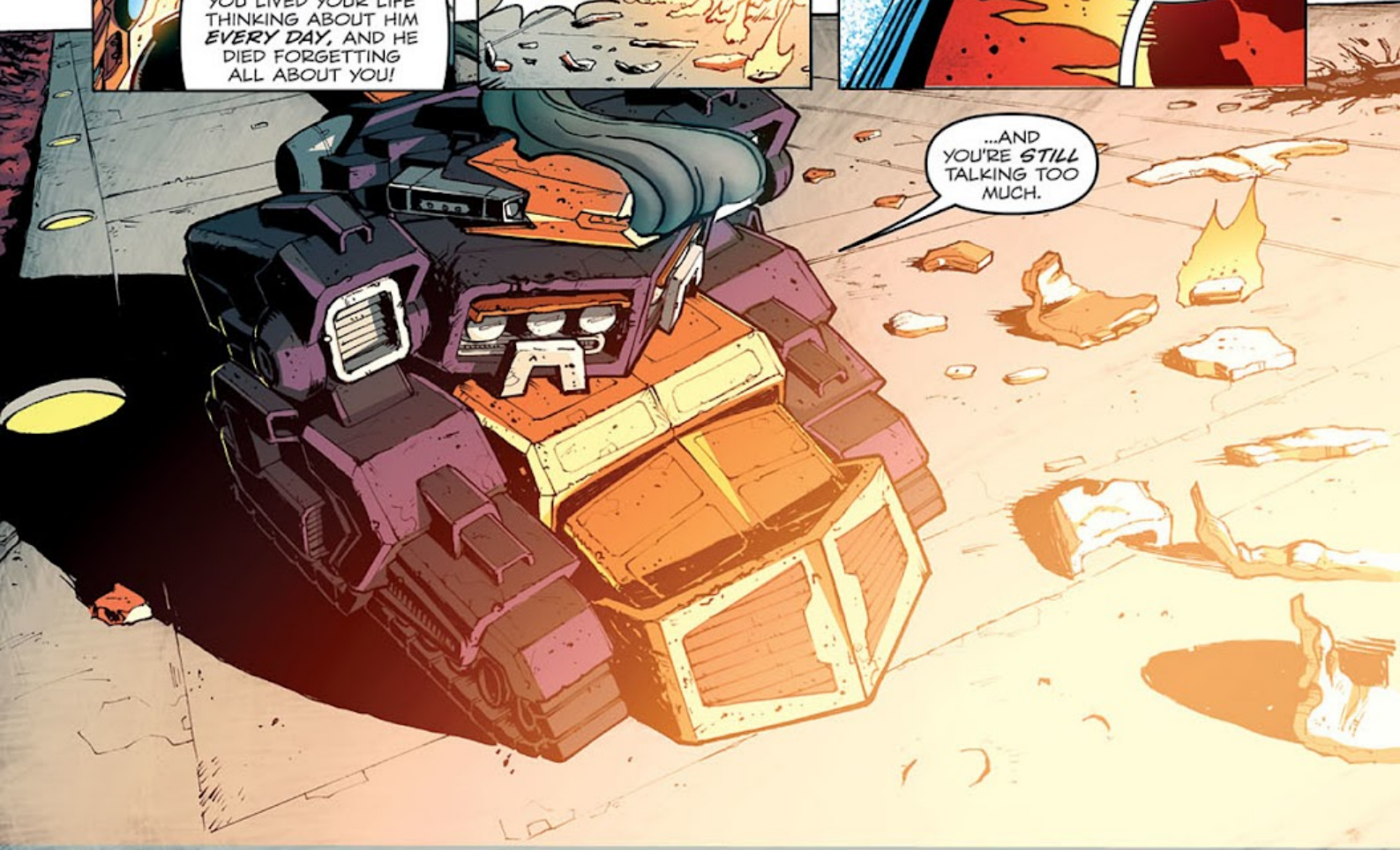
BUT... BUT  
HE OWES  
ME!

HE OWES  
ME.



UH.

PAL, WE  
ALL OWE  
YOU...



...AND  
YOU'RE STILL  
TALKING TOO  
MUCH.









TWENTY YEARS AGO, AS I WAS BEING DRAGGED TO MY CELL, HE SAID SOMETHING TO ME... SOMETHING I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR:

THEY DESERVED TO DIE, IMPACTOR, BUT THAT DIDN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO KILL THEM!



YOU'VE KILLED SPRINGER, AND YOU DESERVE TO DIE. BUT HE WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THAT.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO *STAND TRIAL*, JUST LIKE I DID. AND YOU'RE GOING TO *GO DOWN*... BECAUSE, LIKE ME, YOU'RE *GUILTY AS HELL*.



STAY HERE WHILE I RADIO FOR PICKUP. DON'T WORRY ABOUT OVERLORD, I'VE DISABLED HIS *NEURAL CLUSTER*. HE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

WHAT ABOUT THE *OTHER* DECEPTICONS?

THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED IN US, NOT *ANYMORE*. THEY'LL BE OFF THIS ROCK BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "*POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER*."



THIS HAS BEEN A STORY ABOUT THE WRECKERS. AND IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. AND WEIRD BRAIN BULLETS.

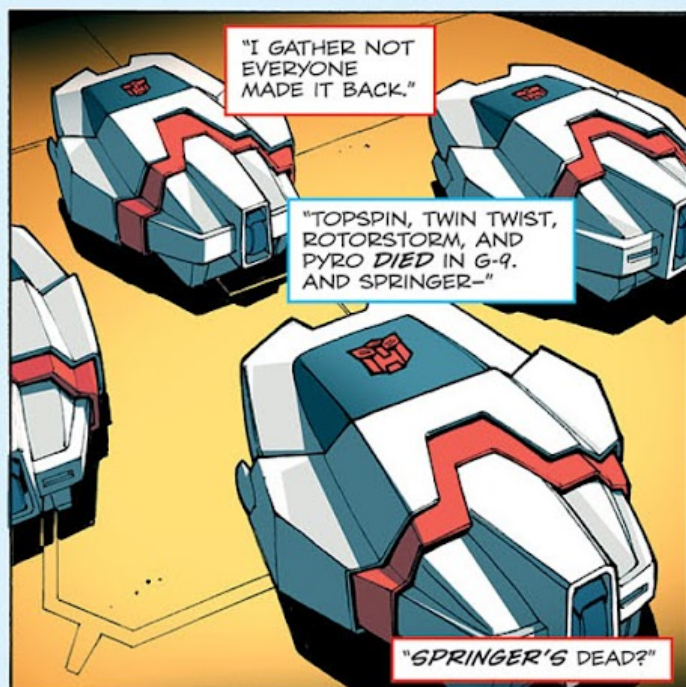
UHHRR... WHAT DID I MISS?

AND SURVIVORS.

I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY HOME.







"I GATHER NOT  
EVERYONE  
MADE IT BACK."

"TOPSPIN, TWIN TWIST,  
ROTORSTORM, AND  
PYRO DIED IN G-9.  
AND SPRINGER--"

"SPRINGER'S DEAD?"



"NOT QUITE. HE'S ON  
LIFE SUPPORT. HIM  
AND FORT MAX."

"RATCHET'S DOING  
WHAT HE CAN."



"AS FOR IMPACTOR... I *PARDONED* HIM AS  
AGREED, BUT ONCE OVERLORD WAS IN MY  
CUSTODY, HE AND GUZZLE JUST *TOOK OFF*."

"I SEE. AND IRONFIST?  
DID YOU RECOVER HIS  
BODY FROM THE  
AEQUITAS CHAMBER?"



"FROM THE  
CHAMBER?  
IRONFIST DIED  
EN ROUTE TO  
EARTH. HE  
SUFFERED A  
MECHANICAL  
ANEURYSM."

"A PROTOTYPE *CEREBRO-CENTRIC*  
BULLET HAD BEEN *EDGING* ITS WAY  
TOWARD HIS *BRAIN* FOR THE LAST  
18 MONTHS. *LAB ACCIDENT*, WE  
THINK. GUESS HE *KNEW* HIS DAYS  
WERE *NUMBERED*..."



"...AND  
JUDGING BY THE  
LOOK ON YOUR  
FACE, SO DID  
YOU."

"IRONFIST AND  
I, WE... HAD AN  
ARRANGEMENT."

"THE  
SUICIDE  
LOCK?"

"I THOUGHT I WAS  
GIVING HIM WHAT HE  
WANTED. AND BEFORE YOU  
ASK, YES, OF COURSE  
I REGRET IT."

EARTH: PROWL'S QUARTERS.



"I HAVE TO ASK...  
YOU WERE *AGAINST* THE  
AEQUITAS TRIALS IN THE  
FIRST PLACE... WHY DID  
YOU EVEN *SANCTION*  
THIS MISSION?"

"CAN YOU IMAGINE IF  
THE DECEPTICONS HAD  
BEATEN US TO AEQUITAS? THE  
TRIAL TRANSCRIPTS ON ITS  
HARD DRIVE WOULD HAVE MADE  
THE ULTIMATE *PROPAGANDA*  
WEAPON."



MOST OF THOSE WHO GAVE EVIDENCE ARE DEAD NOW. SEEMS LIKE *MOST* OF US ARE THESE DAYS. WITHOUT THE TRANSCRIPTS IT WOULD BE *IMPOSSIBLE* TO SEE THE TRIALS THROUGH.

I ONLY HOPE NEVER TO SEE THE INSIDE OF THAT CHAMBER AGAIN...

"...AUTOBOT AFTER AUTOBOT, ATROCITY AFTER ATROCITY."

"I LISTENED TO ACCOUNTS OF MORPHCORE HARVESTS, CIVILIAN EXECUTIONS, RUST INJECTIONS... IT NEARLY KILLED ME."

"CHIEF JUSTICE TYREST HAS AGREED TO KEEP THE TRIALS SECRET UNTIL THE LAST VERDICT HAS BEEN REACHED. AFTER THAT IT'S FULL DISCLOSURE, BUT WHAT PRICE A CLEAR CONSCIENCE?"

YOU TELL ME.

THERE.

ONE DATA SLUG CONTAINING EVERYTHING THAT WAS ON AEQUITAS. IRONFIST'S LEGACY.

NOTHING WAS CORRUPTED DURING THE DATA TRANSFER, I TAKE IT?

YOU'D NEED TO CHECK. I DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR IT RIGHT NOW.

NO. NO, OF COURSE NOT... BUT THIS IS THE ONLY COPY?

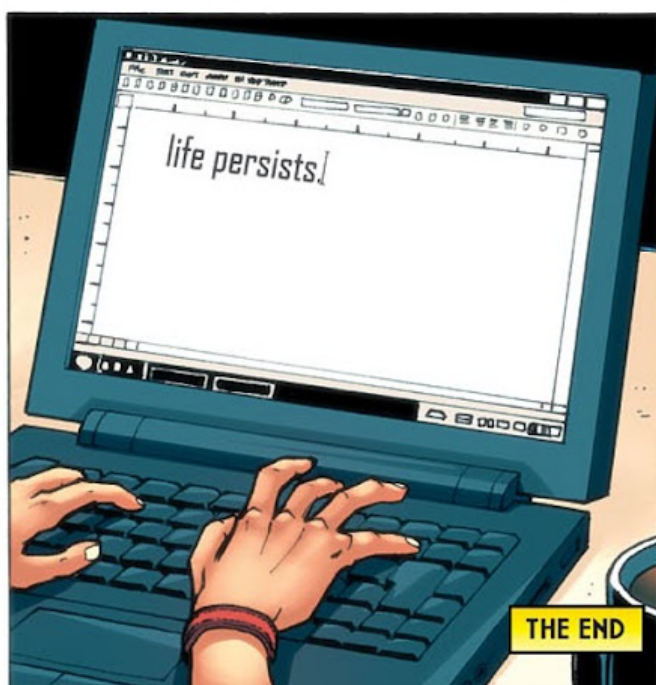
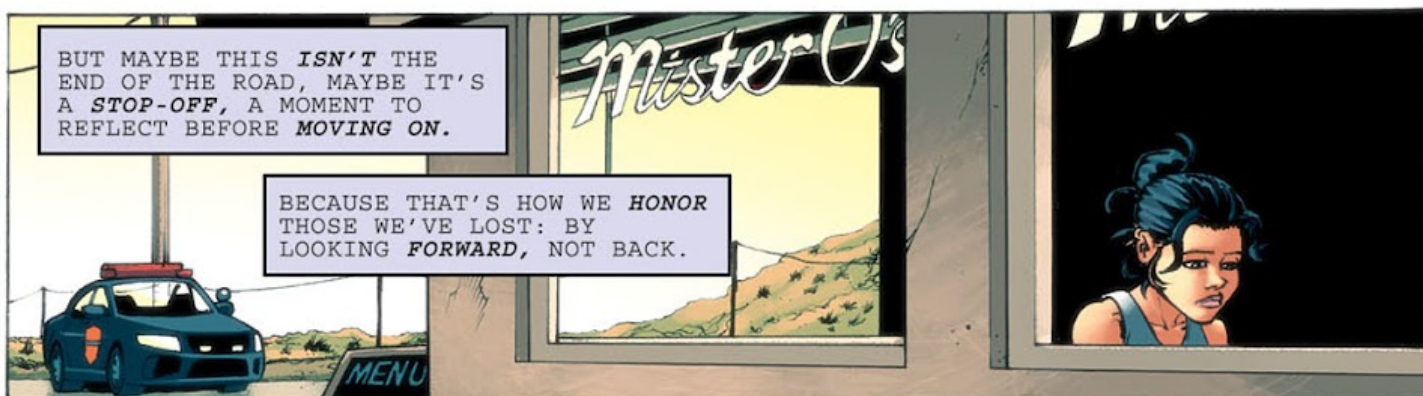
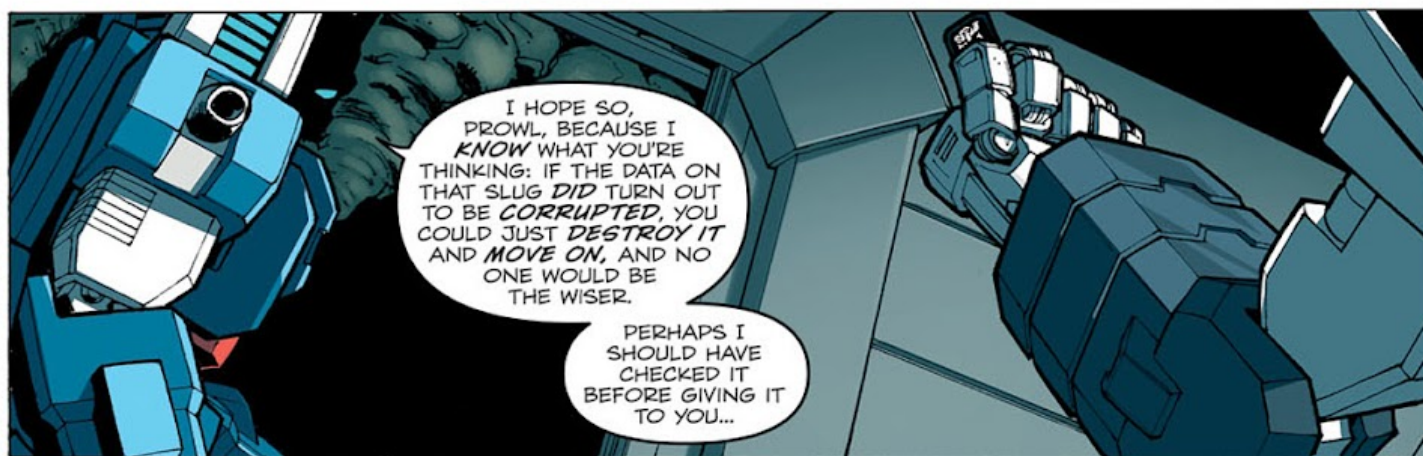
YES. IRONFIST DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO MAKE ANY MORE BEFORE HE DIED.

LOOK, I KNOW YOU THINK THAT GOING PUBLIC WITH THE TRIALS WILL RIP THE AUTOBOTS APART, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

IS IT? JUSTICE MUST BE SEEN TO BE DONE... BUT NOW? WHEN THE RANK-AND-FILE HEAR ABOUT THE MONSTERS THAT WERE IN THEIR MIDST, IT'LL FEEL LIKE YET MORE BETRAYAL.

ANYWAY, ENOUGH CHATTER. LEAVE THIS WITH ME, I'LL MAKE SURE BUMBLEBEE GETS IT.







**THE TRANSFORMERS**  
LAST STAND OF THE  
**WRECKERS**

